

THE
MEMOIRS
OF

MICHAEL CLANCY, M. D.

CONTAINING,
His OBSERVATIONS on many COUNTRIES
in EUROPE:

PARTICULARLY,
The Southern Parts of FRANCE, the Province
of GUIENNE, Part of SPAIN, PARIS, LON-
DON, and IRELAND, where he resided at dif-
ferent Times, for the Space of twenty-five
Years.

*— — — — — Hoc est
Vivere bis, Vitâ posse priore frui.*

MARTIAL.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for the AUTHOR.
M DCC L.

THE
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MICHAEL CRANCY, M.D.

CONTAINING

THE OBSERVATIONS ON MANY CURIOUS
IN EUROPE;

PARTICULARLY

THE FOUNDING OF FRANCE, the PROVINCES
of Lorraine, Part of the Swiss, &c.
and the Lake, which he had seen in this
last Tour, in the space of twenty-five

VOL. II.

DUBLIN

Printed by S. B. ...



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

S M Y T H,

EARL of *Clanricarde*,

BARON of *Dunkellin*, &c.

My LORD,

WRITERS, of the most
exalted Genius, a-
mong the Antients, found
that no Reputation could be

A 2

firmly

iv DEDICATION.

firmly established, without the Favour and Approbation of those Men, who had been distinguished in their Country, by the Exercise of every Talent that can deserve Praise: And Your Lordship's Name at the Head of this Performance, will shew, that though my Pretensions to any Degree of Merit, are of the weakest Kind; I have at least, been just in my Choice of a Patron; and that, if I can become acceptable to the Publick, I have, in this happy Advantage, taken the most reasonable Step, that Hopes could form for that Design.

That

DEDICATION. v

That generous Complacency, with which the truly Great, humanely condescend to be the Safeguard of those, whose known Infirmities call aloud for Aid, reflects a most amiable Light on the highest Stations among Men; and Your Lordship, every Day, continues to shew, that this Kind of Noble Humility, is not inconsistent with the loftiest Sentiments that Grandeur can inspire.

It is, perhaps, a Task not less difficult, to maintain Honours, than to acquire them: And that high Point,

vi DEDICATION.

on whose Summit, the Labours and watchful Cares of innumerable Worthies, have placed The EARLS of *Clanricarde*, requires all those Noble Means of laudable Diligence and exquisite Delicacy, which Your Lordship daily employs for their Support. Your Lordship has demonstrated to the World, that large Possessions, which were to Your renowned Ancestors, the Reward of Excellence, when devolved to You, are a Treasure shining in real Use; and those Blessings, which to the ill-judging Mind, are but too often an Incentive to Vain Glory, are
to

DEDICATION. vii

to You, the Subject of practising every Action that can flow from true Judgment, Humanity and Goodness.

The Glories of your illustrious House are no sooner mentioned than confessed. DUKES of *Clarence*, and EARLS of *Ulster* revive in every Mind; and those Tests of Time, which industrious Heralds search, to prove a just Title to old and unspotted Nobility, in the Case of Your conspicuous Family, become a Subject of Universal Knowledge, and live in the indisputable Records of general Assent.

viii DEDICATION.

The Soul, in reflecting on Perfection, can extend her Ideas to Surprize, Delight and Admiration: but when she endeavours to explain its Properties and Proportions, her Pursuit is vain, and dwindles in the Failure of Execution.

To praise with due Respect, is a high Pretension; and to attempt a Description of those Virtues that enter into the Composition of a distinguished Character, is to lay Claim to delicate and nice Sensations; but to be silent, would be an Argument of Insensibility.

Permit

DEDICATION. ix

Permit me then, My LORD, to hope for that Anchor of Security in Your Protection, which neither the Blasts of the Malevolent can remove, nor the Storms of Envy can tear away. Your Lordship's Affability softens the painful Face of Trouble; and kindly lends the healing Balm of every real Comfort.

Be pleased then, My LORD, to accept of this humble Offering of a grateful Heart: it is an insufficient Tribute, for those singular Obligations, which I have had the Honour and Happiness of receiving from
Your

x DEDICATION. 10

Your Lordship, and can only
serve to shew an imper-
fect Shadow of that full
Sense of Your Lordship's
Kindnesses, which shall al-
ways make me embrace every
Opportunity of pronoun-
cing to the World, how
much I am, with the most
profound Gratitude,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obliged,

AND

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

MICHAEL CLANCY.



THE
MEMOIRS
OF
MICHAEL CLANCY, M. D.

THE next Morning the Gentleman took me to walk with him in his Garden, and having before but slightly touched on any thing that concerned my private Affairs, was first pleased to promise me his Assistance in any Thing, wherein I might think that he could be useful to me; and then, rather proposing Reasons, which a young Man might probably have formed to himself, for travelling into foreign Countries, than pretending to ask any particular Questions; he took off every Suspicion of vain and inquisitive Curiosity. I briefly told him my Design, and that I intended to go the next Day to *Bordeaux*, where I should make no Delay; that

that from thence I should take the Coach for *Paris*, and that I hoped to be there in less than a Month. He told me that he had no Acquaintance of any Consequence in *Bordeaux*; that if I had no very pressing Business to that Place, or only such as could be managed by Letter or Message, I might avoid taking a Journey, so far out of my Way; that the Winter was drawing near, and that he believed I might find my Account in letting the rude Season pass over; and if I was willing, I might stay with him some Months, till the Return of the Spring; that then the mild Weather might make a long Journey more tolerable; that we should live together mostly at the Country-house, where we then were; and very kindly added, that he would convince me, how much this Proposal might be for my Advantage. He left me for a little Time, I suppose to consider, and then returned to me, with the Air of a Friend. I looked at once upon the Prospect, with too much Vivacity, and too little Attention; and knowing that there was not an University at *Rochelle*, and consequently no proper Means for Instruction, I immediately determined to go further, whatsoever might be the Event, and most heartily thanked him for his kind Offer: He easily made me perceive, that a Compliance, would be more agreeable to him, than a Refusal.

Few Persons know when to take hold of the Toupee on the Front of Opportunity. There are some Minds, on which Misfortunes make no Impression, they either forget them, or laugh at them; and seem, like the strong Man of *Crotana*, to be formed by Nature to carry Burthens.

We

We sat near two Hours in an Arbour. He explained several nice Points concerning the common Conduct of Life, and as he imagined, that I might one Day be happy enough, to be received by a Gentleman, then in a high Station, of whom I had been speaking to him, and on whom (as I have already taken Notice) I had fixed all my Dependance; this good Man rather hinted than prescribed several Rules, in regard to that *Decorum*, which is so necessary to be observed before the *Great*; some of which, I since found by Experience, to have been singularly useful. He said, that Civility and Courtesy are an excellent Merchandise to deal in; that they cost very little, and are capable of bringing in great Gain. That every Stiffness in outward Demeanor, betrays a Stubborness in the Mind. That Men of high Birth and prime Education, are Men of penetrating Discernment. That if they condescend to admit a Person of inferior Rank among them, they themselves have not got so far above the Views of Self-Interest, which is the Hinge whereon the World moves, as not to expect their Profit in the Commerce; which they can only promise to themselves, from an observable Flexibility, which they may hope to make subservient to their Purposes. That it is a kind of Compliment to great Men, to attempt an Imitation of their Manners, and as great an Error to think, that in their Behaviour, extreme Politeness excludes Sincerity, as to fancy that the Beauty of a Plant should lessen its Medicinal Qualities. That it is indeed very true, that a Man should be exceedingly cautious, how he gives any Sort of Belief, to certain soft downy Propositions

Propositions of the *Promising Kind*, which they are often apt to form, and from which it is the Hearer's Fault, if he draws any Manner of Conclusion.

I took the Liberty to let him know that I was desirous of returning to *Rochelle*; he brought me with him into the Saloon, where he gave me a Present in *Old Spanish Gold* of no inconsiderable Value, and an antient Manuscript of *Perfius*, which I afterwards gave to the famous *Pere le Conte*, who has been so much talked of among the Learned. I was resolved not to refuse too obstinately, what Good Fortune had thrown in my Way, having been warned against such a Bashfulness, by the Distress I had suffered, from not accepting of a very kind Offer of some Money from the Gentleman in *Spain*. The worthy Man renewed his Assurances of Friendship to me, and, as he saw me resolved to go, conducted me to his Gate, promising that he would come to see me in the Evening, and sent his Servant to wait on me to my Lodgings.

I found the *Danish* Officer, the Captain who had been sick, and the Captain who had brought me from *Spain*, sitting together, and playing a Party at Cards. I made one, and we talked of indifferent Things till after Dinner; I spoke of leaving the Town; the *Danish* Officer told me, that if I intended for *Bourdeaux*, there was an old Coach belonging to the Bishop of *Saintes*, that was to be sent next Day to *Charante* to be refitted, or altered into some other kind of Vehicle, by some Tradesman, who was remarkable for excelling in that kind of Workmanship; that he had spoken to one of the Stage-Coach

Coach Men who was hired to draw it with his own Horses, and would carry me so far for a small Matter ; that there I might take Horses for *Royan*, and thence go up to *Bordeaux* by Boat.

I was well enough pleased with that Method, as it shewed a Prospect of some Variety. The Commander of Marines with whom I had been in the Country, came to the House ; I brought him into another Room, where he again repeated his Willingness to serve me, and told me, that if I had thought it suitable to my Purposes, to stay with him that Winter, he would defer a Journey which otherwise he would soon undertake to *Brussels*, to settle some Affairs with one of the Counts of *Flanders*, to whom he was related. He desired me to write to a Merchant, whom he named, and by that Means I should hear from him : He went home, and that Evening I took Leave of my Friends.

The next Morning I went early to the Coach, and having so well succeeded in the late Scuffle which I had with *Madame la Fortune*, began to think that she was not that inflexible Witch, that angry Poets paint her, but rather one of those easy Damsels, of whom I had read, who, to be gained, want only to be solicited ; and throwing a Shade of Forgetfulness over all her Frowns, formed my future Plan on the Enjoyment of her Smiles. When I had passed the *Town Gate*, and was come to the Door of the Inn, where I was to be taken up, I saw a square Piece of Lumber, raised up between four Wheels, that appeared to be a large tattered Closet, saved from the Ruins of some old House ; before it, were yoked, six tall raw-bon'd monstrous Things, that looked like

like the Ghosts of Horses, and seemed either to belong to the Heap of Timber behind them, or the Timber to belong to them ; nor was it easy to discover which was appointed to drag the other. A young Musqueteer came out of the House, and supposing me to be the Passenger, for whom he said that the Coachman was waiting, briskly pulled to him the Door, or rather Wicket of that enormous Vehicle ; he opened it, we went in, the Coachman mounted one of his Dromodaries, and we jogged along. My Companion was one of those sprightly young Men, who having no great Confidence in the slow Bank of lazy Time, made every Hour pay its own Bill, and gave a full Swing to an inoffensive Levity, which is excusable, and even pleasing in Youth, while it is kept within proper Bounds. His Mind was the more capable of drawing every Advantage from the present Moments, as in all that he said, he never once made Mention of the Past, nor the Future, no more than if he had never known any such Tenses. The Driver stopped at a small Wine-house, about a League distant from the Place, where we had set out ; there we took in a tall Woman, dressed in a green Silken Jacket, and a short Peticoat, with large Stripes of green and yellow, embossed thick with greazy Flowers wrought in Worsted ; she had on her Head some kind of Thing like an Umbrella, platted down close with two stiff Sides, like the Wings of a *Bat*, and fastened under her Chin by a tawdry Tuft of dirty Ribbons : She placed herself directly opposite to me, and a little smart Lad popped in after her, who seated himself by her Side. I thought the young Musqueteer
would

would have bursted, and I believe he would have done so, had he not chaunted some very whimsical Song, which by affording him a Pretext for a loud Fit of Laughter, gave him Ease, without the Suspicion of offering an Affront. I could not look in the *Lady's* Face, for she had not as yet condescended to unveil her Charms. In two Minutes after, a clever Woman, with a very good Countenance, was handed in to us, by a low, thick, squat Fellow, who wore a Band, and a Cloak tied about his Neck, and hanging down his Back, which, as soon as he came in, he wrapped close about him, and drew his Hat down over his Eyes. The Wain moved on: The *Abbé*, (who was one of those *Mendicant Runners*, who swarm out of *Piedmont* and *Italy*, and beg about through most of the Provinces in *France*, during the whole Summer) fixed himself in a Posture for sleeping; his Friend counted Money in her Apron, and tumbled to herself; the little Lad tapped with his Fingers on a Band-box, and whistled a merry Tune; the Musqueteer hummed the King of *Sweden's* March; the Lady in the Jacket was chewing Pruins, which she thrust into her invisible Mouth by Handfuls. It happened, that in twirling her Head about, one of the Whale-bones that stuck out of the Oil-cloath, that covered it, struck the Lad in the Eye, which she perceiving, laughed so vehemently, that one of the Pruin-stories flew into the Musqueteer's Snuff-box, which he held open in his Hand; he instantly threw all that was in his Box out of the Coach Window; the Lad roared out, *the Tooth Morbleu, the Tooth!* and with one Spring, instantly darted Head foremost out of the Window, and falling lightly on

his Feet in the Road, stooped down, and scrambled about with his Hands, as if he searched for something of great Value. The Lady with much Difficulty disengaged her Head from the Mantling that surrounded it, and shewed a Physiognomy, which till then we had not seen. Gentlemen, and Madam, (said she) it was not very kind in that young Man, though he is my Friend, to talk of Teeth, or the want of them, before Strangers, who might have surmised, by not seeing my Features, that I might be one of those wrinkled Hags who have nothing but Gums to depend on. It is true, (since the Secret must come out) that I had the Misfortune of losing a Fore-tooth, by a Fall in dancing the Rope, and that it cost me something to have an artificial one put in the Place of it; but that is no Reason, that this giddy Fellow, should not have first looked into my Mouth, before he should presume to expose me. If I had a Mind to keep myself muffled up, it was because I did not care to attract the Eyes of People, which I knew would be the Consequence, as I had not Time to arrange the little Paint I had laid on my Cheeks. She turned about, and thrusting herself half out of the Coach, grinned like a chafed Monkey, and fixing her Finger on the Tooth in Dispute, cried out, that all was safe. The Lad made a Sign with his Hand, took a Race towards us, and plumped directly into his own Place. It was easy to discover what Occupation those two Persons followed. Well, Gentlemen, (continued the Lady in the Jacket) suppose that through too much Precipitation, there may be a little Confusion in the Colours on the Left Side of my Face, I leave it

it to the Decision of the Company, if in the Management of the Right Side, I have not shewn both Taste and Judgment. The Woman who came in with the Abbé, threw her Apron over her Face, and quivered till she had done laughing. The Musqueteer only smiled; for the well-looking Woman drew all his Attention, and he scarce took his Eyes off her, from the Moment she came in. The Abbé peeped from under his Hat, and winked at the painted Woman with one Eye, which was the only Part of him that could be seen: His Friend drew down her Apron, and composed her Face. The Abbé wrapped up his Eye, with the rest of him. The young Lad was busy in adjusting the torn Folds of the Thing that was once an Umbrella; and I gazed at the painted Face, in which there were no more Features to be seen, than a Place for Eyes, a Nose, and a Swelling or Protuberance of Lips, in the Midst of a Forehead, Cheeks and Chin, as sleek and glazed as any Masque in the Hay-market. I had never more than heard of those Female Limners, and had she not too evidently exposed the Fact, would have taken her for one of those Nymphs, whose Figures are seen in old *Indian* Screens. I thought that this kind of Dawbing belonged to her Function, and that the violent Exercises which she went through, might have exposed her to a Decay, which she strove to repair by this kind of Plaistering. The young Musqueteer entered into Discourse with the handsome Woman, who told him, that she was going to the Fair of *Bourdeaux*, where she expected to meet her Husband; he made her many sprightly Compliments, and often addressed

himself to the Abbé, who sat in a sleepy Posture, and would not answer. The Musqueteer very heartily wished that he were Archbishop of *Toledo*, and that Moment, giving a Benediction in his Cathedral. The Woman in the Jacket muttered to herself, and said, that she believed that he did not care where he was, provided he were far away. The young Lad said, that an Archbishoprick would be a very good Thing, if a Man got Money enough by it; that for his Part, he had no Ambition, or if he had, that it reached no further than to be admitted to tumble before the *King*, or the Duke of *Bourbon*. This brought on some Conversation about Preferments, and the extraordinary and surprising Means by which some Men arrive at them. The Musqueteer said, that though his Experience was not great, yet he began to think, that to deserve Advancement, was not the Way to attain to it; and that the most trifling and insignificant Talents, could often do more than the highest Merit. That he knew a W——lp at *Fontainebleau*, who was raised to a very high Post in the Army, in whom, there was no one Virtue that could make him be taken Notice of, but a certain quick Agitation in his Rump; to which, when he had a Mind to divert the Court Ladies, he would pin a small Piece of Paper, and riggle so briskly about the Room, where perhaps twenty of them held Candles in their Hands to set it on Fire; that by the Quickness of his Motions, he baffled all their Attempts, and by making them laugh, was thought one of the prettiest Fellows in the World. The Woman in the Jacket said, that even a great Vogue among the People, is not always

ways

ways established on sound Reasons ; that *Madame Violante*, and other Folk, who thrived very well, had no more Merit than their Neighbours. The other Woman replied, that indeed she had no very great Knowledge of what was doing in high Matters, but that in her Village, Things were carried on in a very strange Manner. There is Monsieur *Camu*, our Seneschal, who was twenty Years Goaler of the Prison of *Caen* in *Normandy*, and by the wicked Quirks he learned there, has spread such a Spirit of the Law, among the poor Inhabitants of our Place, that he has beggared them all, and so well enriched himself, as to have purchased one of the finest Vineyards in the Country, and was appointed to this Dignity by the Lord of the Mannor, who, for some Reasons of his own, deposed a good Man, for having no other Fault, than to have asserted the Right of a poor Peasant, against the Oppressions of the King's Intendant. Our Curate, (who in his Original, was a Swineherd) was raised to that Eminence, for his peculiar Skill in making Bacon, of which *Madame la Marquise* is very fond. Our Vicar, who is as ignorant as a Barber's Block, and is foully belied, if he does not love Petticoats, was advanced to that Place, tho' known to have been Grandson to a Minister at *Geneva*, and educated in that Doctrine, while many old staunch professed Christians starve for want of Bread. In short, one would think that the surest Way to escape the Gallows, is to deserve it every Day.

I could not but laugh at all this Medley of Reflections. We went on, in a slow, but not so sure a Pace, as the West-Country Waggon, and

at Night came to an Inn within a League or two of *Charante*, we supped together, the *Abbé* was very busy about the Woman in the Jacket, and the other Woman, perhaps to revenge herself of him, cast many wishful Looks at the young Musqueteer; the Woman of the House, who sat with us, was very fond of the young Lad, and said, that she loved to encourage Youth; and the Maid, who was no disagreeable Person, was very officious in serving me. We retired to our Beds, and the next Morning, at the Dawn of Day, I left them to manage, as they thought convenient; took Horses for *Royan*, where I reached that Night, and that Instant, took Boat for *Bordeaux*, where, by reason of contrary Winds, I did not arrive in less than two Days.

Bordeaux is a large wealthy City, the Capital of the Province of *Guienne* or *Gascony*. It is a Place of the greatest Trade in *France*, an Archbishoprick, an University, and has in it two supreme Courts of Judicature, *viz.* a Parliament, and a *Cour des Aydes*, or Court of Subsidies. It is situated on the River *Garonne*, in a most beautiful Country, and is a fair and opulent Port. The next Day after my Arrival, I went to Mr. Gordon, who delivered me my Chest and Money, which were left in his Hands, by Captain *Leveston*, who by this Time had sailed on another Voyage. I took a Lodging in a retired Part of the Town, resolving to stay there only a few Days.

I writ to *Paris*, and my first Delay was occasioned by waiting for an Answer, which I never got, I had no Manner of Acquaintance with any Person whatever, and therefore kept myself retired,

tired, and employed my Time in reading Physick-books.

I waited the Return of several Posts to no Purpose, and one Day accidentally fell into a Company, where I met with Mr. *Francia* the Jew, who had once been an eminent Banker in *London*; which Place he was obliged to quit, on account of his keeping a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Government; and lived at *Bordeaux* in an obscure Way. He was a shrewd, artful Man, very agreeable in Conversation, and pretended to know many Secrets of the *British* Ministry, which were more entertaining, than useful to any Design that I could have. I passed some Hours with him every Day, and as he observed that I was entirely taken up with my Books, especially those that regarded the Knowledge of the *Belles Lettres*, he one Day took an Occasion, of ridiculing an Employment, which, in his Opinion, was frivolous and unprofitable: A Man, said he, may as well sow Chaff in his Field, and expect a Harvest, as to stuff his Brain with a Pack of Nonsense, that takes him off from the plain Road of fair Industry. Do you think, Friend, that all this *Hodge-podge* is any Ingredient towards thriving in Life? All this Whip-sillibub is far from being any Part of that substantial Ware, that Men of Prudence deal in. What Branch of Trade do these idle Whims belong to? If you intend to live by Imagination only, you have positively hit upon the proper Food: I would not give six Pence for any Paper Commerce, that is not passable in *Lombard-street*, the *Royal Exchange*, or the *Bank of England*. Give me the Man,

who with one Stroke of a Pen, can lay such a Mark upon an insignificant Bit of Paper, as shall stamp a Value on it, equal to the yearly Revenue of three *Italian* Principalities. There is not a Set of more despicable Wretches in all *England*, than that Herd of Pamphleteers, Poets and Scriblers, who saunter like Bailiff's Setters from Coffee-house to Garret, and from Garret to Coffee-house, half starved, and half naked, and probably were all of them in their Times, such young Book-worms as you are. I suppose, that this Thing called *Belles Lettres*, is something that lays the Foundation of such a delicate Taste, as appeared in Sir *John Suckling*, Lord *Mulgrave*, Lord *Buckhurst*, and some other Men of high Quality, whose Estates intitled them to do just what they pleased with their Time. What is that to you? Persons who have their Fortunes to make, or their Bread to earn, have as little Pretension to those Flourishes, and as little Use of them, as Barge-men on the *Thames*, of a courtly Behaviour, or the Manners of a Drawing-room. You have a thousand of those Fellows in the City, and about *St. James's*, who call themselves Men of Genius, and thinking that honest Men have nothing else to do, than to support their Idleness and Folly, torment People to Death, and are a Rent-charge on the Publick. Wit, is that light Commodity, which they strive to barter for every Thing; and, even, when they bring it to the fairest Market, which is to the Houses of great Folk, who love to deal in Trifles, it scarce ever brings any Return. They are overstocked with it themselves, and do not care to encourage a Manufacture, which they

they imagine, should be in no Hands but their own. The very Footmen, at Noblemen's Gates, are so well acquainted with the Intentions of their Masters, that they indecently shew every Mark of Disesteem, to the high Merit of those Gentlemen, who daily pester their Doors, without any other Profit than the Honour of the Attendance. There was the famous Mr. *Dryden*, who with all his Interest among the first Nobility of *England*, and his own great Reputation, did not after all make as much of it, as I have known a broken Merchant in *Mincing Lane* to do, without the least Noise, by Contributions raised among his Brethren.

I thought the Man was mad, and though I must own, that what he said gave me afterwards some Cause for Reflection; I could scarce bear with any Patience, to hear a Man declaim for a whole Hour, in a very abusive Way, against those Arts, in which *Horace* says, that Senators and Knights were known to instruct their Children. I knew that every corrupted Judge, is unfit to examine and weigh Truth, and that *Jews*, are that kind of sordid Animals who despise every thing that does not shew an immediate Face of Profit. It was impossible to remove an Opinion out of my Mind, that every Endeavour which tended to its Improvement, was not a real Gain; and prized the Medal for its Rarity, not for what it could bring at the Goldsmith's Shop.

True Talents will always be esteemed among the Great; they themselves possess them, and know their Value;

Not

*Nor will those Arts despise,
By which themselves were taught to rise.*

I knew too many Examples of the singular Honours conferred on learned Men, to be dissuaded from those Studies, to which my Inclinations led me; and represented to myself *Terence*, a mean Slave from *Carthage*, in Conference with *Scipio* and *Lelius*; *Horace*, the Son of one who had been a Bondsman, in the Cabinet of *Augustus Caesar*; and *Cicero*, from a Cottage in *Arpinas*, giving Laws to *Rome*, the Mistress of the World; and many other Instances of later Date, where superior Merit has shined with every Circumstance of Glory. If there are some Men, who make that shameful Figure described by this sharp *Israelite*, the Cause of it is not very difficult to be accounted for. The greatest Honour that can be done to human Nature, is to shew of what high Perfection it is capable. It is a kind of Respect payed to the Author of our Being, to exert the Faculties of that immaterial Spirit, which we have received from Him, and to aim at Excellence; the Men of high Rank are too well acquainted with the Nature of true or false Coin, not to weigh every Talent with the utmost Nicety; they have Hearts formed to Liberality, and good Sense to direct them, where it is proper to bestow their Favours; and if they should sometimes be thought remiss, in encouraging those Qualifications in others, which constitute their own chiefest Ornament, it is at least a silent Acknowledgment, that they place them in the same Rank with *Virtue*; which is hated when present,
and

and sought for, when snatched away from our Eyes.

Nothing that could be said against the Use of Books, could deter me from the Love of them; and all Mr. *Francia's* Oratory was to no Purpose; I bought as many as I could conveniently, and finding that nothing offered whereby I could form the least Hopes of advancing myself, after having been three Weeks there, I resolved to retire to some Village in the Neighbourhood, where I could live cheaper, and to remain there until the next Spring. Accordingly, I went by Boat to a little Town called *Marmande*, which is six or seven Leagues above *Bordeaux*, and from thence to *Cadillac*, which was a Seat belonging to the famous Duke d' *Epernon*, where I stayed at a Farm-house about a Quarter of a League from the Castle. The Ruins of that once magnificent Building, shew that Grandeur has an awful Aspect, even in Decay. There is a Statue of *Fame* founding her Trumpet, on the Top of the Duke's Monument in the Chappel, which the Connoisseurs say, is one of the finest Pieces in the World; under it lye the Ashes of that great Man. I often visited this Place, and sat in the Fields to read, or walked by the Side of the *Garonne*, to amuse myself.

One Day as I was sitting under a Tree, not far from the River, and very intent on some Passage in the *Acts of the Apostles*, which I was reading in a *Greek Testament*, I looked about me, and saw, just near me, the frightful Figure of a Man more than half naked, whose Eyes stared as if he were mad, his Head and Feet were bare, and his Skin of a brown tawny Colour,

lour, furrowed and parched by Wind and Weather. I was not a little surprized, and putting my Book into my Pocket, thought how to defend myself, or to run away. He ran up to me, and snatching at another Book, which I had laid on the Ground, opened it, and read a Line or two; these, (said he) are Sir *William Temple's* Essays. I stood mute. He cried out in a loud Voice, I suppose you are an *Englishman*; I nodded, then he very mildly requested of me to let him see the Book that was in my Pocket; I gave it to him; he saw the Fright I was in, and very civilly said, that he did not intend to do me any Injury, and composed his Countenance. I spoke but a few Words, and he expressed his Joy in finding a Person that could understand him, then read several Verses in the Epistles of Saint *Paul*, very distinctly. After some Time, he sat down, and desired me to listen to his Story. I grew somewhat more confident, as I saw that he had no Weapon about him.

Hear then, said he, the dismal Tale of this truly unfortunate Wretch, now before you. I was born in *England*, and as I had no paternal Fortune to depend on, was carefully educated by my rich Friends, and bred to Learning from my Childhood; as by this Means, it was in their Power to provide handsomely for me, and advance me in the World. There were many of them, Men of Consequence, and of great Interest, and by their Recommendation, I was, in the twenty-third Year of my Age, taken as Under-Secretary, by a Nobleman, who was then named Embassador to *Sweden*; I accompanied him to that Court, served two Years in that Quality;

Quality ; and returned with him to *London*. My Friends were well satisfied with my Behaviour, and my kind Patron studied new Means for my Preferment. I every Day grew more and more in this Lord's Favour ; he was generous and bountiful, admitted me into a close Friendship with him, and I had been thoroughly happy, had I known how to make a proper Use of those Advantages.

His Lady had a favourite Niece in the House, whose Mother having married unfortunately, by taking a Husband of her own chusing, had left behind her many Sons, and this only Daughter, without any Provision made for them, by an extravagant Father. My Lord's Liberality and Goodness, bestowed proper Education on the Boys, according to their Talents, and some of them became wealthy and great. His Lady took her young Niece under her own Care ; the Sweetness of her Temper, the Elegance of her Beauty, with every Perfection of Mind and Body, rendered her so dear to her affectionate Aunt, that she became her Companion, and was looked upon by my Lord and her, with as much Regard as any of their own Children. Abandoned to Passion, and having forgot all my Obligations, I treacherously prevailed upon this unexperienced young Lady to forget all Duty and Respect to them, and to join with me in Love and Ingratitude. I married her privately, and this Act of Baseness, in frustrating the best of Men in his Design, of matching this Darling Niece to some Noble Person, met with a just Recompence. All my Relations scorned me, they looked upon me now as a Villain and a Robber.

My

My Lord turned us out of Doors, and as he had been the best of Friends, became as implacable an Enemy. We retired from *England*, to the the Southern Parts of *France*, expecting that Time and Absence might abate the Storm; but in vain. We had no Account but of the Increase of his Fury, and the Detestation of all those who belonged to us; there I became acquainted with the Bishop of *Padua*, in his Return from *Paris*; he persuaded me to go with him to *Italy*, and by his Interest in *Bohemia*, made me Professor of History and *Greek* in the University of *Prague*. I went thither, and remained fourteen Years in that Station; when having by my Industry acquired a tolerable Sum of Money, we resolved to quit that Place, and to spend the Remainder of our Lives in *England*; having an Inclination to see *Italy* once more, we went and stayed a few Months at *Rome*; thence to *Leghorn*, where we embarked for *London*. After six Weeks of Storm, and adverse Winds, we were shipwrecked on the Coast of *Portugal*: I was the only one who escaped, and had the Grief of seeing my beloved Wife and Children perish before my Face, and was taken up half dead, by some Sailors, who swam to me from the Shore.

At these last Words a Stream of Tears ran down his Cheeks, he gave a sudden Leap, threw himself on the Earth, bit the Ground, tore his matted Hair in Handfuls, and shook as in the Pangs of an Agony; he bounced up, stood as it were immoveable, and in an Instant ran to a Thicket at some Distance, as swift as all the *Camillas* in Antiquity. I dreaded his Return, and made the greatest Speed in my Power to
some

some Houses which I saw at a Distance. In my Way, I met the Man at whose House I lodged ; he saw my Confusion, and asked the Cause : I told him what had happened, and the Fright I was in ; I described the Figure of this poor unfortunate Man ; he said that he had often seen him, that he was the most inoffensive Madman in the World. That poor Man, said he, is in the Summer tolerably well in his Reason, and lives among these *Italians*, who trade along the Canal of *Languedoc* ; he passes and repasses with them in their flat Boats, in which they bring their Oil, Olives, and other Commodities, from *Agde* to *Toulouse* ; they all know him : His Distemper seldom rises to any Height, during the hot Season ; but I have, for some Years, seen him every Winter in that deplorable Condition, in which he appeared to you. When the Weather begins to grow cold, he tears all his Cloaths to Pieces, and runs down into this Country, where, as he commits no Manner of Mischief, the People are more willing to pity, than to exasperate him by Confinement.

It was now late in the Evening, and in our Way home, we passed by the House of the *Curé*, he was gone to the Waters of *Bareges*, and another Gentleman officiated for him. He saw us pass, and as I had before accidentally spoken to him once or twice, he came out, and invited me and the Countryman who was with me, to go in with him. We supped there, and the Subject of our Discourse was that unhappy Creature whom I had seen. I repeated his Story to them, just as he had told it to me ; the Countryman stared and gaped, and said, that if *Cadet*

or

or *Jaqueline* his Son and Daughter, should offer to dispose of themselves without his Consent, he would do with them as he would do with a Vine that had disappointed him in bearing, after pruning it for many Years; he would tear them out by the Roots, and cast them out of his Field; but that if *Marriage* brought on such Calamities as that wild Man spoke of, it were better it had never been invented. The worthy Priest, who was a grave sedate Gentleman, took all the Circumstances of the Story in the Light of mild Reason, and in the Spirit of true Christianity. I never before (said he) heard any Thing particular, of the Condition of that unhappy Wretch, more than what this Countryman had told me, and his Situation is the more deplorable, because, in his lucid Intervals, he seems most sensibly to feel the weighty Load of his Miseries, which moves me to Compassion. This is a dismal Picture of that lamentable State, to which it is possible that a Man may be reduced, even from the fairest Prospects of Prosperity. It is generally said, that every Man is the Forger of his own Fortune, but the Overseers of the Workmanship, are often so severely nice, that it is impossible to please them. Rich Men find a kind of Gain from their Anger; if their Anger is real and unforgiving, it is the Vice of the infernal Furies; and if counterfeited to the Disappointment of their Dependents, they are of all others, the meanest, and most scandalous Usurers.

These are Examples of the Divine Wrath, given for our Amendment; and neither we, nor those who bear the Burthen, can trace the
true

true Cause of those signal Strokes from the Hand of Providence, and they who are not attentive to the Warning, are more insensible than the worst of Heathens, who could not but believe in their *Jupiter*, when they heard him thunder. It is but a further Progress through the Circle of human Affairs, to step even from the Height of Prosperity, to the lowest Depth of Adversity; and who can dare to challenge him, who changeth Crowns into Fetters, and Triumphs into Funerals? He said a great deal more on the Occasion, and we departed.

I could hardly put this wild Man out of my Head, nor did I care to venture any more on that Side where I met with him; but chose to walk in another Road, which, I was told, he did not frequent. There was an old Lady in that Neighbourhood, who observing me to pass alone every Day by her Door, sent a Servant after me one Morning, to desire that I should take Coffee with her; I paused a while, which the Servant perceiving, told me, that his Lady was a Person of high Quality, and took Pleasure in being civil to Strangers; I returned with the young Man, and the Lady, who was in some distant Degree allied to the Family of the Great Duke d' *Epernon*, received me with great Politeness; she talked very much of the Grandeur of her *Race*, and over-acted every Point of Civility, I suppose, thereby, to prove her just Pretensions to a high Pedigree: She used a genteel Method of informing herself of my Country, and the Business I might have in that Place, and spoke much of a Benedictin Monk at *Bordeaux*, from whom, she had just received a Letter,

which she read to me ; it related to a literary Correspondence, which that Father held with Monsieur *de Fontenelle*, of the *French Academy* at *Paris*. I had seen some of the Works of this great Genius, and by this Time, being quite fatigued with the Solitude of a Place, where I had satisfied my Curiosity, I conceived an Opinion, that if I should by her Means, be made known to that *Benedictin*, he might, in all Probability, be a very valuable Acquaintance ; but I could not expect that Favour from a Person, whom I had never seen before. I told her, that I intended to spend the Winter at *Bordeaux* ; she asked me, if I should be glad to be known to her Friend ; I answered, that I should be proud of the Honour. I waited on her the next Morning ; she gave me a Letter to the Monk, which I promised her that I would deliver safely to him, and in an Hour after took Boat for *Bordeaux*.

Next Morning I waited on the *Benedictin* ; he had a most venerable Aspect, and after some Questions, to which I gave the most pleasing Answers I was capable of, he desired me to come to him again in the Afternoon : I did, he received me with Affability, and brought me into his Chamber ; it was a good Apartment, where I saw every Mark of Neatness and Order. He talked on various Subjects, like a Gentleman conversant in the World ; his open honest Countenance, shewed the Simplicity of his Heart. I told him my Intention of staying in Town that Winter ; he very kindly desired me to visit him as often as I could, and indeed, for some Time, I scarce missed a Day, of which, I did not pass some

some Hours with him. The Conversation of the Virtuous is in Heaven, and what we hear from them, has the delicious Flavour of that Source whence it is derived. One Day in particular, as the Works of Saint *Jerom* lay open before him, he made the Life of that Holy Father, the Subject of his Discourse.

Example, said he, is the most prevalent Instruction ; the Actions of good Men never die ; they are fragrant Flowers perpetually springing from their Ashes, and bloom in everlasting Beauty. Every Self-denial is a Gift to our Neighbour ; the Channel is turned another Way, and glides into the Community. One of those rich Men of the Earth, who swallow in one Gulph, what could have been diffused to the proper Support of a Hundred, is a Vulture hovering around a Village, and glutting himself with Spoils torn from the laborious Husbandman. Tygers live in Unity with Tygers ; but the World is that more than Savage Wilderness, where Men worse than ravenous Beasts, devour those of their own unhappy Kind. It moves me to Pity, when I see a young Man launch into that Sea of Trouble ; I think, that I am taking the last Farewel of a dear Friend, who enters an unsound Vessel, to perform a long Voyage, to a desired Port, where there are a thousand Chances against his ever arriving safe. I answered, that I believed it to be almost impossible, for a Person divested of Friends, (which, at the same Time, I told him, was my unhappy Condition) even to rise above the Insults of Misfortune ; that it was my Opinion, that any one, who under such Disadvantages, should attempt to aim at any Haven

of Security, could expect no surer Success, than a Man swimming from a Shipwreck to a savage Coast; where the Inhabitants are so far from encouraging the distressed Stranger, that they push him from their Shore, or beat his Brains out.

Friendship and Favour, (replied he) are empty Bubbles, and he who grasps at them, will find a delusive Shadow, that never thickens into Substance; there is but one Thing necessary and permanent. I had too much earthly Lee about me, to perceive at the first Hearing, that distant Point, to which he extended his holy Views. He was wrapped up in Futurity, and pre-enjoyed on Earth, that Bliss which must be perfect; because it is above all Description.

The Monks of the Order of Saint *Benedict*, and those of Saint *Bernard*, are, of all other Sects of Recluses, the most decent in their Cloathing, and in their Manner of living; they are, for the most Part, Gentlemen of good Families, and have among them many Persons of the most profound Learning, and the most exemplary Piety, and being supported by the Revenues of their Convents, which are very largely endowed, and to which they often join their own Estates and Fortunes, are far from being exposed to the shameful Practices of those *Mendicant* Fryars, who, as *Erasmus* remarks, are the Torment of Boats, and, of the Doors of Wine-houses, the Plague of Markets, and all public Places. Those venerable Men, secluded from the common Traffick of the World, which they justly disesteem, soar into the Mansions of the Blessed, and by Contemplation, dwell among Angels,

Angels, whom they strive to imitate. If the Paths which they follow, are the direct Road, they are of all Men the most happy. Their Ways are so singularly remarkable, that what the Poet says, of the old Druids, may in some Measure be applied to them. They alone are admitted to know the inward Recesses of Heaven, or they alone are ignorant of them.

*Solis——Celi penetralia nôsse,
Aut solis nescire datum est.*

Pere le Conte, who has written an elegant History of *China*, was then living in the College of the Jesuits; his great Reputation, engaged me to wish for some Means of being known to him, which my good Friend the *Benedictin* procured for me, by the Help of a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who introduced me to that celebrated Author; I often sat with him, and found him not unlike a Traveller, who perhaps had mistaken his Road, or loitered in the Way, making all possible Expedition, at the Decline of Day, to secure a Retreat for the Night, just ready to overtake him. He seemed anxious and disturbed, but full of Hope. He died soon after, and some Men pretend to say, that the Account which he has given us of *China*, cannot be true, for that he never went further than *Siam*, where he is said to have contrived that mock Embassy from *Persia* which was imposed on the Imbecillity of *Lewis XIV.* some little Time before his Death.

The public Schools are open in that Country, and free for all Persons; there I learned the Philosophy of the *Jesuits*, and at the same Time,

attended the Lectures, given by Monsieur *Gregoire*, who was a Man of Wit, an excellent Physician, and one of the ablest Professors I ever was acquainted with. I continued there near six Months, and as I had a great Desire for Learning, neglected no Opportunity of improving myself. The Summer Season was now come on, *Pere le Conte* was dead ; the good *Benedictin* was removed to some other Province, and I every Day resolved to quit the Country ; but *Fortune* ordered it so, that I remained there three Years. One Day I went to see Mr. *Gordon* the Merchant, to whom I was directed from *Rochelle* ; he invited me to Dinner ; there I met with the Lord *Tenham*, a young *English* Nobleman, who was on his Travels to *Italy* ; the Gentleman of the House introduced me to him, and I waited on his Lordship next Morning, at his Lodgings ; the Person who kept the House was an *Irish* Woman, from whom I afterwards received many Civilities. The Foreigners of any Distinction resorted thither, and as she was pleased to entertain me often, I imagined that I might, at some Time, have an Opportunity of making one valuable Acquaintance, among the many Men of Quality, who often lodged with her.

Not long after, as I was one Evening stepping out of her House, I saw a very well dressed Gentleman, drive up to the Door, in a Post Chaise ; he alighted, and went in : I was engaged to sup there that Night, and after I had transacted some little Business, that called me into Town, returned at the proper Time. There was no Company in the House, and I found the Woman and this Gentleman sitting

ting together ; she introduced me to him, and he told me in *French*, that he was very glad to be known to me, and that the Lady had been speaking favourably of me.

This was Mr. *Sully*, an *Englishman*, who had been employed by the famous Mr. *Law*, in many Affairs, and by him appointed Overseer of a Factory of Watch-makers, which that great Schemist, had established at *Versailles*, with a Design of drawing that Branch of Trade from *England*. During Supper, Mathematics, Statics, Laws of Motion, and Astronomical Problems, were the Subjects of his Discourse. He talked much of forty thousand Pounds, promised by the Parliament of *Great-Britain*, for the Discovery of the Longitude, and seemed to be as sure of that Reward, as if he had the Money in Bank. At the same Time, he took out his Pocket-book, and shewed us many Letters from Persons of the first Distinction at *Paris*, to most of the Men of Quality, or high Rank at *Bourdeaux* ; among the rest, I saw one addressed to Monsieur de *Montesquieu*, whose high Character I had heard of, and of whom Mr. *Sully* spoke in so particular a Way, that what he said of him, filled me with Delight and Admiration. The Woman, who understood very little of all Mr. *Sully's* technical Terms, said nothing to that Business, but recommended me warmly to him as her Friend: After Supper she retired, and he proposed that we should walk abroad, which, he said, would refresh him after his Journey ; we went, and, in the Flow of Discourse, the severe Misfortunes, which often fall upon Men, became the Subject. I told him, how I had suffered in *Spain* ; and some other

Passages which drew his Attention ; he then spoke a great deal concerning Mr. *Law*, (to whom he acknowledged great Obligations) his Disgrace, Downfal and Ruin, after having been the richest Man in *France* ; and the low Condition he was reduced to, after giving more away in Acts of Generosity, than would have made the Fortunes of a Thousand. He then talked, a little more closely, on his own Affairs, whereby I could perceive that they were in some Disorder. He changed the Subject, and spoke of those Men of Distinction, who recommended him, and of all the Persons of the first Rank in that Province, to whom he had Letters. He named the Intendant, the Deputy-Governor, the Archbishop, and several others of prime Note ; and spoke with such an Air of Frankness and Honesty, that it was impossible not to believe him. He said that he would take me with him, to visit those great Men, and that perhaps I might find some one of them, who might take Notice of me. I looked at the Prospect with Pleasure ; he then requested of me, if I could conveniently do it, to lend him three or four Pieces, which he would repay me in a few Days, as soon as his Machines should come from *Paris*. I was glad of any Opportunity of obliging one, in whose Power, I conceived it might be, to render me great Services ; and gave him three *Louis d'Ors*, which I had about me ; he took them, and at the same Time, told me, that he did not doubt, but that I should find so good an Effect from my kind Disposition, as should give me Cause to remember the happy Consequences of it, during my Life ; and indeed, he told Truth. We returned home,

home, for, at this Time, I lodged in the same House; in a Day or two, he brought me with him, to pay a Visit to the Intendant. Poor Mr. Sully, who had conceived a good Opinion of me, thought that others were obliged to do so too: The Intendant received him with great Marks of Civility, and I was introduced as a young Man of Learning, and a great Connoisseur in the Science of the Longitude. Longitude! Learning! (said the Intendant) and cast such a Look on me, as a rough Captain would do, at the Sight of a lame Recruit. I could have wished that Mr. Sully, and his Longitude, had been in *Japan*, and that I were safe out of the House, and in the Middle of the Street; nor did I think, that the Name of my Lord, which I had the Liberty of calling him, as often as I pleased, would be any Reward to me, for the Rudeness of his Frowns. Mr. Sully, was employed in convincing him, that he had found out the Longitude; of what great Use the Discovery would be to the World, and the great Encouragement that the People of *England* had proposed, to engage ingenious Men, to labour in the Pursuit of it. The *English* (replied the Intendant) are very cunning, and if they find out the Longitude, they will keep it for themselves: This Thing you talk of is calculated for Expedition; will it have any Effect on Land-carriages, or hasten the Posts? Sully told him, that the Knowledge of it would shorten Voyages, he answered, that he never was at Sea, nor ever intended to put his Foot into a Ship. Sully looked like a Fool, and the Lord assumed the Magisterial Air of a Parish Clerk. We went away, and the

the ill Success of this first Attempt, gave me but little Hopes of any good Consequence, from any other Adventure of the Kind. *Sully* invoked the Moon, and all the Planets against him, and cursed him, by the Rules of Trigonometry. The next Day, he desired me to go with him to the Deputy of the Duke *de Duras*, who was, then, Governor of the Province; I absolutely declined it, from a Remembrance of what the *Scotch* Fryar in *Spain*, had said of the Genius of his Profession, and began to conceive a very bad Opinion of Invention, as I could see no proper Market for the Sa'e of it. Mr. *Sully*, who had been used to the Trade of projecting, and I believe, well accustomed to all its Disappointments, took but one Notion into his Head, which was, (as he called it) the *Main End*, and looked upon all Rebuffs, Affronts and Sneers, as so many trifling Accidents, which, are beneath the Dignity of a scheming Philosopher to take Notice of. His Machines, which were to prove the Certainty of the Invention, were come from *Paris*; a Clock, whose *Pendulum* was *Horizontal*, contrary to the Direction of all others. There was also another Machine, called a *Sea-watch*; which was suspended in a Frame, in the Manner of our common *Sea-compasses*, so as to yield in the same Way, to all the Motions of a Ship. Those strict Measurers of Time, were curious Pieces of Workmanship, and *Sully* knew what a Clock it was better, than any Man in *France*: Then came on Telescopes, and that very Night, I had the Honour of looking, near three Hours, at the Planet *Jupiter*, and the four Guards, or *Satellites*, that move round him.

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The Observations were taken, in a Walk on the Town Wall; above two hundred Gentlemen and Ladies were there, and *Sully* harangued them, like an Enthusiast. The next Evening we were at the same Work until Midnight; and *Sully* brought the Moon so near him, that he fancied it at the very End of the Telescope; he shewed in it Mountains, Plains, Woods, Lawns, Seas, Rivers, and Capital Cities, distinguishable by their Smoak, and said, that Lands may be as profitable there, as among us; but for his Part, were he to live there, he would not chuse an Estate on that Side, which, when the Moon passes directly between us and the Sun, must be violently scorched, during the Time of those kind of Eclipses. I was soon quite out of Patience, with a perpetual Inspection into these Celestial Bodies, and resolved to break off all Correspondence with them, as I could not find that their Influence was of any great Weight, in mending the Circumstances of him, who had passed more than half his Life among them.

In spite of all my Resolutions, Mr. *Sully*, who thought, that he might still be of some Use to me, engaged me, the Day after, to go with him, to see an old Counsellor of the Parliament, whom he had a Letter to, and had not, as yet, waited upon him. We went to his House, and found an unwieldy old Man, loaded with Fat, who filled a large Wooden Frame, somewhat like an Elbow-chair; he was a little deaf, and desired us to draw near him: He read the Letter with much Difficulty. The Longitude, Sir, (said he) oh, oh! you have found it out, I felicitate you, it may be a very good Thing at Sea, but we are
upon

upon *Terra Firma*. Sully explained all his Art, his Clock, his Watch, and all his Ways of proceeding: All that may be, (said the Counsellor) but in my Opinion, Longitude is the very contrary of Brevity. The very Word, signifieth *long*——*longus, longa, longum*;——and how can the Knowledge of any thing that is in itself long, make a Road either by Sea or Land shorter? It cannot be, Sir: Nor should I desire to encourage any thing that could make the Merchants more impertinent than they are; I think they sail to and from the *West-Indies* fast enough, and thrive in spite of all that the Nobility can do to keep them under. That Exactness in the Measure of Time, which you talk of, may be an excellent Thing for our Kitchens; our Partridges and Leverets may be roasted to the fiftieth Part of a Second. The Sweat ran down Sully's Face; he was scarce able to lift himself from his Chair, and we crawled away.

I pitied the poor Man, who after some Exclamations against that Cart-load of insensible Flesh, (as he called him) reassumed his Spirits, and to my great Surprise, was as gay as ever. I had enough of all this Chameleon Diet, nor did I care to subject myself to Insults, and quietly withdrew from Mr. Sully, and his Projects; but in vain, he still pursued me.

There is a Royal Academy in that City, of which the late Duke *de la Force*, was at that Time Protector; it consists of many Men of the first Figure, and of Persons of distinguished Abilities, who assemble to improve, and encourage every Branch of useful Science. The most eminent of those Gentlemen, were then at
their

their Country-seats, but as a general Meeting of the Academy called them to Town, most of them came against the appointed Day. When they were come, all Mr. *Sully's* Persuasions could not induce me to go one Step with him, to any one of their Houses ; but the following Accident procured me so honourable an Acquaintance, with Persons of the first Dignity in that Province, that their Protection and Favour, have been that perpetual Source, to which I owe every happy Event, that has offered, in the Sequel of my Life.

Mr. *Sully*, had by some Means, appointed a Day with the principal Members of that learned Society, in which he was to demonstrate to them, the System on which he grounded his Assurance of having discovered the Longitude. He desired me to be present, which I first excused myself from, as I feared that the Planets, he dealt in were of the retrograde Kind, and that *Saturn* seemed always to preside in his Horoscope ; but upon his naming the President *de Montesquieu*, and that he was to be there ; I most readily embraced so fair an Opportunity, of seeing this Nobleman, whose Wit and Elegance, were, at that Time, the Subject of every Conversation. They assembled in a large Chamber, in the House wherein I lodged ; Mr. *Sully*, shewed me the President, I saw in his significant Aspect, something so sprightly, and, at the same Time, so gentle, that I was Fool enough to wish, that I could resemble him. Mr. *Sully* began his Demonstrations ; I stood near him, and as he proceeded, the President *de Barbot*, a most ingenious Gentleman, of whom I shall hereafter

hereafter speak more fully, referred to some Passage in the Philosophical Transactions, which, as Mr. *Sully* had found me reading the Night before, he took an Occasion of applying himself to me, and desired me to repeat what I knew of it. I had Courage enough to do so, and as I rehearsed the Conjectures of Doctor *Hally*, and Mr. *Leibnitz*, on the Matter in Question: The President *de Montesquieu*, who sat opposite to me, fixed his Eyes directly on me, and when I had done speaking the little I had to say, he suddenly arose from his Seat, went around the Gentlemen, who were seated about a large Table, came up to me, and straight returned to his Place. After a few Minutes, Mr. *Sully* made a Sign to me to retire.

The Demonstration being ended, Mr. *Sully* came to me, and told me, that as soon as I left the Room, the President *de Montesquieu*, enquired of him, who I might be; and that after his Answer to him, (which was more favourable in my Behalf, than I could possibly deserve) the President said, such a young Man might be a Treasure, if his Genius were properly cultivated, and desired Mr. *Sully* to send me to him. A kind of inward Prescience, made me, that Instant, promise to myself, that if I could be happy enough to find so inestimable a Protection, my Difficulties were at an End. I raved of nothing else, and the next Morning, according to Mr. *Sully's* Directions, I went to wait on the President. I desired one of his Footmen to let him know, that the young Man, whom he had seen the Day before, at the Demonstration, was come; I was brought in, and his *Valet de Chambre*,
led

led me to the President's Bed-side ; he was reading some Book, he raised his Head from the Pillow, looked sharply on me, and said not a Word. I told him, I had brought a curious Print, which Mr. *Sully* had promised to let him see. It is very well, Sir, (said he) lay it on the Table, Your Servant, Sir, then continued to read the Book in his Hand, and I went away.

What I had some Months before heard from *Francia*, came afresh into my Mind ; I saw the Truth of what he spoke, concerning the Difficulty of approaching the Great, and the Condition of those Wretches, who sue for Favours, where, even a Suspicion of their Necessities, is Reason enough, to remove them from every Hope of Relief. I had no Views of immediate Gain, and therefore could not be disappointed in that Way : My Ambition was, not to expect any Reward, for the weak Talents I could produce ; but to be known to a great Genius, and to observe in him, those Perfections that are truly valuable. I despaired of Success, and reflecting that I was at too great a Distance from him, threw away all Expectation of ever being admitted nearer ; but *Sully*, who was one of those Men, who never doubt of any thing, according to the Notions of a true Projector, persisted to level all those little Obstacles, which happen between Design and Execution.

A few Days after, the President made some Enquiries about me, and desired Mr. *Sully* to send me again to him. I went one Morning early, and one of his Servants conducted me to his Bed-side, as before ; the President desired me to sit down, asked me how long I had been in
Bourdeaux,

Bourdeaux, and in what particular Business I employed my Time : I answered, that I had been there more than seven Months, and that I was a Student in Physick ; he rose up, and pointing to a *Terence* that lay open on the Table, bade me to read, where I should find a Leaf doubled down : It was a Scene in the *Eunuch*, between *Phædria* and *Parmeno* ; I looked into it, and as he took the Book to see some Comments, I repeated the whole Scene by Heart ; he returned the Book, and desired me to do some little Offices for him about the Chamber, at which, though they were awkwardly done, he seemed not displeased. He then came up to me, and was pleased to address himself to me, with Marks of that Politeness, which is peculiar to him : He made many Observations on the Classic Authors, spoke much of *Virgil*, and repeated many of his beautiful Lines ; said, that if the *Muses* themselves had told the Story, they would have spoken in his Style ; that he was a curious Jeweller, who knew how to fix his Gems so properly, that each of them threw a Lustre on the other ; that there is neither one empty Thought, nor one useless Word, in that Treasure, which he has left behind him. Majesty and Mildness joined, are a high Perfection, and *Mantua* gave in one Person, a more noble Example of those two united, than all Ages had before : He said, that the Imitation of another, was no Argument against Excellence, but rather shewed a Respect for Invention, and a Taste and Judgment, in the Choice of those, whom we propose to ourselves as Examples. He then spoke of *Terence*, and said that he among the *Romans*, and our Mr. *Congreve* among the

the *English*, were those sharp-sighted Writers, who had found Windows in the Breasts of Men. He knew I was a Subject of *England*, spoke much of the *British* Government, that they were the only Nation that had ever united Empire and Commerce; and in touching upon *Ireland*, said, that the People of it, have too much and too little Land. In every thing that he advanced, he rather seemed modestly to propose the Question, than to have conceived the least Opinion of a positive Knowledge in himself. We sat, or walked in the Garden, near two Hours, when, some Friends coming in upon him, he was pleased to excuse himself to me, and desire me to return and dine with him that Day. It is easy to conceive, how much I must have been flattered with this Honour: I went, and the Company were, his Brother, two young Men of Quality, and two or three Members of the *Royal Academy*; he did me the Favour to introduce me to them, as his Acquaintance. I knew that my Behaviour was not formed, and all I could do, was to observe their Manners; which I did, with the utmost Attention. The President so handled every Circumstance, that by a continual Compliment to the Understanding of his Guests, he raised the minutest Incidents, and graced even the slightest Subjects with Ornaments of pleasing Wit. After Dinner, he took me into his Study, where we remained four Hours, and looked over many Books. We then walked into the Garden, he kept me to Supper, and to the Time when it was proper to retire; then told me, that I should be welcome to come early next Morning. That was the happiest Day, which I had ever

seen ; it was a new World to me, and seemed a kind of Regeneration : Resolving, therefore, to profit of a lucky Stroke of Fortune, where I evidently saw, a Certainty of every possible Advantage ; I laid myself out, as far as in my Power, to make myself agreeable to this truly humane Gentleman, whose Lenity of Temper, persuaded him to overlook those Errors and Follies, into which, either my natural Disposition, or the want of proper Attention, might have led me. I went to him next Day, as he required, he made me first read a *French* Author to him, then a *Latin* one, in which, there were some Quotations in *Greek*, he bade me pass them over, but having told him, that I understood that Language, he was very well-pleased. He kept me that whole Day, and desired that I should return the next, and so on ; he engaged me every Day for near three Weeks. The Revolutions of past Times, and the History of the present, were laid open before me ; and if I had been capable of making proper Observations, might have discovered such Landskips, as no other Painter could have drawn. Men of the first Fashion came to visit him every Day ; and, I had, by that Means, an Opportunity of being known to those Persons, who shine among the rest of Mankind. Study, Instruction, and a Model, whereby to form a Knowledge of the Duties of Life, were the Fruits of every Day ; and I saw, mixed in Sobriety, not with the

————— Copious Bowl,

The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul.

II I could

I could observe, that they all respected one another, which was a just Tribute mutually paid, because they all deserved it.

Some Affairs called the President into the Country; I went every Day as usual, and one Morning saw his Equipage at his Gate, waiting for his Departure, of which I had before known nothing; he was ready to take Coach, and I accompanied him to the Door of it; he smiled, and said, that he had forgotten to give me Notice in proper Time; I answered, that any Time he thought convenient, was proper enough for me. Would you come this Moment, (replied he) without being prepared for a Journey? I said that I wanted no Preparation to wait upon him. He took me with him to *La Brede*, one of his Country Seats, four Leagues from *Bordeaux*. It is a very large Octangular Castle, built about three hundred Years ago, by some *Cardinal*, who retired from *Rome* to this Place, which, before he settled there, was a wild uninhabited Forest. The Country is still full of Woods, which being cut into different Vistas, terminating to the House, form an agreeable Prospect. The Castle is surrounded by Water on every Side, flowing by the Walls of it, and the Entrance is secured by two Draw-bridges. This was that *Tusculum*, where every thing conspired to shew the Blessings of learned Ease and sweet Tranquility.

Minerva and *Mercury* seemed to have chosen this Place for their Abode; the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome*, the Morals of *Socrates*, and the Manners of *Atticus*, lay open before me. Here History unveiled the long, long Secrets of laborious Antiquity; there Poetry spread her beauteous Orna-

ments on plain Truth, and cloathed her in the Robes of Majesty. In the Circle of the different Persons who resorted there, every Day's Observation afforded an Opportunity of seeing what Men are, and his Example shewed what they ought to be.

Monsieur de Montesquieu did me the Honour to keep me with him near six Months in the Country; Part of which Time we passed at another Seat, which he has in that Tract of Ground that lies between the *Garonne*, and the River *Dordonne*. The soft Season, a delicate Climate, his communicative Affability, his Beneficence, and repeated Kindnesses, gave me such Delight as I never felt before. He brought me into Life; and in the following Part of this Story, it will plainly appear, how many fortunate Events have depended on the Happiness of being continually protected, by the Favours and Friendship, of one Man of real Worth.

As in the Sequel of these Memoirs, the Scene opens into a Series of Circumstances, which depend so closely one upon the other, that a Narration of them could not properly be interrupted, by finishing at the Number of Pages designed for this Volume. The Author, in Compliance, to the Desire of many Persons of Distinction and Taste, has been prevailed upon, to insert, here, a *Comedy*, which he writ in the Year 1737, and was never before published. It was five Times acted in *Smock-alley*; and on the Author's Night, before the greatest Number of Nobility and Gentry, that ever was seen at one Meeting

Meeting in this Kingdom. The Subject, is the History of the noted Colonel *Cb—tres*, whose Character Dr. *Arbuthnot*, has most concisely, and most elegantly given, in the following Epitaph.

Here continueth to rot, the Body of *Fran—s*
Cb—es

Who, with an inflexible Constancy, and inimitable Uniformity of Life,
persisted,

In spite of Age and Infirmities,

In the Practice of every human Vice ;

Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy.

His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the
first,

His matchless Impudence from the second,
Nor was he more singular, in the undeviating
Pravity of his Manners, than successful in accumulating Wealth.

For without Trade or Profession,

Without Trust of Publick Money,

And without Bribe-worthy Service,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Person of his Time, who could
cheat without the Mask of Honesty, retain'd
his Primæval *Meanness*, when possess'd of ten
thousand a Year.

And having daily deserv'd the Gibbet for what
he did,

Was at last condemn'd to it, for what he could
not do.

Oh indignant Reader !

Think not his Life useless to Mankind !

Providence conniv'd at his execrable Designs,

To

To give to *After Ages*, a conspicuous Proof and Example, Of how small Estimation is *exorbitant Wealth* in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all Mortals.

It will not, perhaps, be displeasing to the Reader, to hear an Account of the Means by which this Performance was brought upon the Stage: The Author, in the Year 1737, had the Misfortune of losing his Sight by a Cold, which rendered him incapable of his Profession. In the Beginning of his Retirement to the Country for the Summer Season, the *Epitaph*, above quoted, was accidentally read to him, he writ some detached Scenes in the Dramatick Way, on the Story of that professed Sharper: He then connected them, and some of his Friends having told him, that they might bear being represented in the Theatre; he, at his Return to the City, brought the Play to Doctor *Helsbam*, and, conscious of his own Insufficiency, in Matters so foreign to his Way of Life, requested of the Doctor, who was very familiar with Dean *Swift*, to put the Comedy into his Hands, as the Author judged, that his Approbation or Dislike, after reading, would at once determine the Fate of the Performance. Not I, indeed, (said Doctor *Helsbam*) have you a Mind that I should be obliged to go down his Stairs faster than I went up? Shall I subject myself to be laughed at, or perhaps, ill-treated; not I indeed, I do not care to bring his Tongue upon me. Go to Dr. *Grattan*, the Dean will probably bear from him, what he would not from me,

me. The Author went to Doctor *Grattan*; and solicited his Assistance in the same Way. Who I, (said Doctor *Grattan*) not I by —, what have I to do with Plays? I know nothing of writing Books; I should have a fine Time of it, to bring such a Piece of Stuff before the Dean, and have it thrown in my Face, or be called a Blockhead for my Pains; I should be glad to serve you, but find somebody else to befriend you on this Occasion; No, no, not I by —. Doctor *Grattan*'s Brother, Minister of Saint *Audeon*'s, happened to be present; who was pleased to say, that he would find an Opportunity of laying the Book on the Dean's Table, and if it was good, he would be apt to examine how it came there. The Gentleman accordingly did so, and there it lay for some Time, without the Author's hearing one Word about it. Doctor *Swift* read it, and not knowing how the Play came there, asked all his Friends, which of them had brought it, and none of those, to whom it was known to, would venture to tell, as he had not declared his Opinion of it. One Day, as Doctor *Hellham* saw it on his Table, he took it up to look into it, and asked the Dean, what this was. The Dean smiled, and told him, it was a Villain well painted, and that whoever had written the Piece, conveyed a good Moral. Doctor *Hellham*, who saw that he had nothing to fear, told him the Author, and what he knew of him. Tell him then, (said the Dean) that in a few Days, I will pay him a Visit. He then went into his Closet, and writ the following Letter, which Doctor *Hellham*, brought with the Packet, mentioned in the Postscript.

To

To Doctor CLANCY.

SIR, —

SOME Friend of mine, lent me a Comedy, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, and with much Pleasure, on Account both of the Characters, and the Moral. I have no Interest with the People of the Play-house, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small Present, in such Gold as will not give you Trouble to change; for I much pity your Loss of Sight, which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other Talents might have been your honest Support, and have eased you of your present Confinement. I am, Sir,

Your well-wishing Friend,
and Humble Servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Deanry-house, *Christ-*
mas-Day, 1737.

I know not who lent me the Play, if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow. This Letter, and the Pacquet, are sealed with the Head of *Socrates.*

The Pacquet contained five Pounds, in small Pieces of Gold, of different Kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the Value of five Shillings. A little Time after, I sent him a Parcel of Tickets, he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two Four Pound Pieces for more.

THE

THE
SHARPER.
A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
SMOCK-ALLEY,

BY
His MAJESTY'S Company of COMEDIANS.

By MICHAEL CLANCY, M. D.

*O Ma Dive Patrone !
Toi q'u a Bayeux adore le Norman,
Deesse ! donne moi l'art de faller dextrement.*
ROUSSEAU.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for the AUTHOR,
M DCC L.

HARPER

COMEDY

THEATRE-ROYAL

SMOCKALLET

THE MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS

BY MICHAEL CLANCY, M.D.

OF THE PATENT
OF A BRIDGE AND IN INVENTION
TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DUBLIN
PRINTED BY S. BARNES, FOR THE AUTHOR
M.D.C.C.

THE
P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. ARBUCKLE.

THIS Night our Author seeks his whole
Applause,

Not from his Merits, but your Country's Cause,
If you attentive to a home-spun Play,
With Patriot Eyes, the following Scenes survey;
And why at Home, shou'd Irish Wit be scorn'd
Which hath so oft the British Stage adorn'd?
Our Congreves, Steeles, and Swifts, who hath
not known?

Sure Britain must who claims them for her own,
'Tis true Britannia, nor do we repine,
The Seat of Empire is by Birth-right thine;
With thine our Sons in hostile Armies bled,
By their Cadogans and their Shannons led;
Or if they sought the Muses softer Charms,
Each Muse was kind and flew into their Arms;
To either Wreath Hibernia owns her Claim,
And just Proportion of immortal Fame.

Be gen'rous then to Night, nor think it weak
To spare our Author for his Country's Sake;
Encourage Arts among you born and nurs'd,
Nor be with Gothic Impoliteness curs'd;
This kindly Office, this good-natur'd Care,
Be therefore yours—ye tender-hearted Fair;
For if our Trade your Approbation find
It soon will grow the Commerce of Mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Francisco,	Mr. <i>Luke Sparks.</i>
<i>Squire</i> Fasten, <i>a Scotch</i>	} Mr. <i>Ralph Elrington.</i>
<i>Adventurer</i>	
Ralph Clingfast,	
Ned Hooker	
Simon Shark,	
Robin	
Trueman, <i>Guardian to An-</i>	} Mr. <i>Phillips.</i>
<i>gelica,</i>	
Melefont, <i>his Nephew,</i>	Mr. <i>Este.</i>
<i>Squire</i> Rover.	
Jack Soaker.	
Sawny,	Mr. <i>Cashil.</i>
Stephen Darey, <i>Father to</i>	} Mr. <i>Byrne.</i>
Sufanna,	
Puzzle-Suit, <i>a Newgate</i>	} Mr. <i>Wetherilt.</i>
<i>Solicitor,</i>	
Turnkey, &c.	

W O M E N.

Angelica.	Mrs. <i>Reynolds.</i>
Matty <i>her Maid.</i>	
Lurewell.	Mrs. <i>Orfeur.</i>
Betty <i>her Maid.</i>	
Sufanna Darey.	Mrs. <i>Pasquilini.</i>
Moll Simper.	
Hester Dainty.	
Soaking Pegg.	
Mrs. Fasten.	
Servants, &c.	

SCENE, LONDON.



THE
SHARPER.

ACT I.
SCENE I.

Enter Ralph Clingfast and Ned Hooker.

Ned Hooker.

WELCOME to *London* dear *Ralph*!
we expected you last Coach.

Ralph Cling. Oh! thus let me
embrace thee, honest *Hooker*! honest!
what said I? Away with that unfashionable Title.
Honesty! a fine Whim, indeed, we Men of Fa-
shion *Ned*, are powerful Enemies to what we hate,

Honesty we have driven back to the smoaky Cottage, from whence she sprung. Honesty to the Cottage, and Justice to the Clouds! fine Apartments! to the Place from whence they came, that's their Sentence, *Ned* away with them.

Ned Hook. I greet thee dear *Ralph*, thou Man of Might and Worth; but my dear *Ralph*, where have you been this Age past that we have lost you?

Ralph Cling. Looking out my Friend, looking out, reconnoitring, no Business requires half the Vigilance that ours does.—The Soldiers Midnight watching, the plodding of the Statesman's Brain, the Restlessness of Misers, the Eagerness of Lovers, and the Circumspection of Harlots, are but weak Mimicks of the various Cares that attend our noble Profession; from us may the Man of Arms learn to brave Peril and Danger: We refine on the most refined Politicks, are wittier than Wit, and by Cunning outdo Cunning itself; my dear *Hooker*, had any one Person of our Fraternity, but half your Address, and Ingenuity, we should plant Colonies in *China*, gain Provinces for Problems, and exchange our Words for the Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*.

Ned Hook. How well you express your own Abilities, Hum—Gad I should like the Trade well enough were it not for the little Inconveniences which sometimes attend it; as the Loss of Reputation, the Infamy of passing for a Villain, the Danger of being thrust thro' the Lungs, and having a Man's Nose slit, or his Ears cut off, or such like little Misfortunes, which are apt to fall upon the Gentlemen of our honourable Occupation; but dear *Ralph*, satisfy my eager Curiosity, and let me hear something of

of your Life and Actions, or what Adventures have fallen in your Way since you quitted us.

Ralph Cling. Wond'rous are the Changes which this transient Life exposes us to.—Now in the short Space of one Month, (for it is just so long since the Colonel sent me on this circulating Embassy) this same *Ralph* has been nine times a rich Man, nine and twenty times a Beggar, five times a Lord,—and a noble Lord too; I have been, as the Variety of Circumstances required it, a sly Merchant, a blundering Captain, a quaint Citizen, a Booby Squire, Tradesman, Politician, Farmer,—every thing.

Ned Hook. — Every thing but what you really are or ought to be; but since few Men wear their own proper Colours, or appear without Gloss and Varnish, I think the oftner we vary our Dye, the fitter we are to live among them.

Ralph Cling. Dye! what Tincture have I not received? From the *Tyrian Purple* to the Blue of *Coventry*; my dear *Ned* this last Progress has afforded me a Variety of Speculations, I have brought Fish to our Net you Dog, excellent Fish, a young Booby as simple as a Cod, a Dame fair as a Whiting, a Farmer innocent as a Plaise, and what I fear we shall never be able to fry a *Scotchman*, slippery as an Eel, and cunning as the Devil; here he comes, let us observe his Motions.

Enter 'Squire Fasten with a Letter in his Hand.

Fast. What the Plague, Intelligence already, who can this be from? [*Reading*] *To the Hon. John Fasten, Esq; at the York Stage, London*
—hum—Honourable indeed,

[*Opening the Letter.*
O ho! it is from my faithful Correspondent
Mc Greggins. [*reads.*

Jack,

“**W**HAT a pretty Fellow are you, you’re
“very likely indeed to succeed in your
“Affairs, that black Fellow that went with you
“from *York* in the Stage, is one of the most
“furnish’d Sharpers in all *England*; he is one
“of *Francisco’s* Spies, his Business is to watch
“the Stages, and when he thinks it worth his
“while to get into one of ’em, as effectually
“robs the Company as any Highway-man, who
“keeps without it; keep him at a Distance,
“stick fast to *Angelica*, rob as many as you
“can, spare Nobody.”

Your’s in Iniquity,

Alexander Mc Greggins.

So then Mr. *Clingfast* you belong to *Francisco*, don’t you? You may belong to *Belzebub* if you will, I think I am a Match for any of ’em: And if the fam’d *Francisco’s* Ingenuity proceeds from an early Poverty, a Necessity of shifting,
and

and the Happiness of having first breath'd the keen Air of *North-Britain*, I think I have an equal Title to all those Advantages.

Ned Hook. [*aside to Clingfast*] What an appointed Dog have we got here? I am damnably mistaken if this Fellow has not lain too long in Pickle to be ever sous'd——Come *Ralph*, let us away to *Francisco*, he expects us with Impatience.

[*Exeunt.*

Fasten solus.

Fast. Egad Mr. *Fasten* you must look sharp about you, *London* is the true Touchstone, be smooth as Oyl, but sharp as Vinegar.

[*Takes a Memorandum out of his Pocket which he carefully reads.*

Enter Mrs. Lurewell.

Lure. This same laudable Occupation of procuring, which (Thanks to my lucky Stars) I have pursued these fifty Years past, with no small Degree of Success, is, I am very well convinc'd, the most honourable, most universal, as well as the most beneficial Employment, among the Sons of Men,——the Daughters of Men are my peculiar Province——I have here got something to work upon; the fair *Angelica*, who has set up in this Inn is under *Francisco's* Guardianship, and shall be happy under my Protection, he has recommended her to my Care, and I'll honourably discharge my Duty.

Fast.

Fast. [*Still reading his Memorandum*] The most convenient Lodgings are at *Lurewell's*, who is *Francisco's* Procurefs, and the cunningeft Gipsy living——never drink——take Care of the long Sea Captain that haunts *Will's* Chocolate-Houfe, [*looking off*] Come, come, it is no Hurt to refresh a Man's Memory : But who have we got here ? Madam your Servant.

Lure. Sir, your's most obsequiously ; I fuppose Sir, you are to lodge in my Houfe a'n't you ? You came to Town with Mifs *Angelica*, did you not ?

Fast. Madam I came in the *York* Stage ; and if your Name be Mrs. *Lurewell*, I defign to take Apartments with you, any kind of Lodging, any Place will ferve me, Madam, I am not hard to be pleas'd.

Lure. I'll engage to accommodate you, I'll provide for your Neceffities. [*afide*] And if I don't match you, no Woman in *England* can.

Fast. Madam, you are perfectly obliging, and if my little Offices can be of any Service to you, you may command them in Return.

Lure. Sir your eafy Deportment pleafes me, you have an Air of Innocence and Good-nature, which has prepossefs'd me in your Favour. Look you Sir, (not that I should talk in my own Praise) you may count yourself happy in lighting on one of the beft Women living. I am as true as the Needle, firm as Steel, honeft as a Prelate, and can keep a Secret, as well as the Conclave, and from this Moment look upon me as your Bosom Friend ; this wicked Town abounds in treacherous and deceitful People, of them I would have you beware, as you have a Regard to your Welfare, commit your Affairs to me, and though
Honesty

Honesty may fail you every where else, you shall be sure to find it in honest faithful *Lurewell*.

Fast. [*aside*] How thriftily she soaks her Milk-sop——who can distrust so much Goodness, may Heaven reward your Tenderness,——then will I unbosom myself to you in Confidence of Secrecy and Silence——I am the Grandson of Sir *Hardress Fasten* of the Shire of *Fife* in the Kingdom of *Scotland*: (There are few noble Families in that Country to whom I may not claim some Alliance by the antient Name of *Fasten*: I have a very plentiful Fortune the Estate of my Ancestors, a very considerable one, some four thousand Pounds a Year; but as my Father, through some Mismanagements, had borrow'd large Sums of Money, and that an unexpected Death prevented his discharging his Debts, I generously resign'd my Lands into the Hands of proper Trustees, till all his Creditors should be paid, and every Demand satisfied;——thus have I embrac'd a voluntary Poverty, reserving to myself only six hundred Pounds a Year for present Maintenance, which I chose to spend here in *London* in Obscurity; and as I am naturally of a sedentary Temper my tender Constitution requires Sobriety, and my Mind most delights in reading, as my early Inclinations always engag'd me in the Pursuit of Learning, I shall spend the most of my Time among Men of Letters; consecrating all my Hours to Books—to learned Men, and—to you, Madam.

Lure. Sir, I shall ever bless my Stars, if my utmost Endeavours can make me agreeable to so fine a Gentleman.

Fast.

Fast. Madam, I am perhaps the only Man of my Nation who the least deserves that Title, no Country produces a Set of Gentlemen so perfectly accomplish'd, we have all an early Education, Breeding, Good Manners, and an easy Behaviour are our peculiar Talents, and we suck in Sense and Wit without Breast-Milk——O dear Madam, did you ever see a true *Scotchman*, who was not a pretty Fellow.

Lure. Never—But pray, Sir, when do you re-enter on the full Enjoyment of your Lands? When are you to be in full Possession?

Fast. In less than two Years Madam,—but what are Lands and Possessions to me? Riches are but an Incentive to Vice, and an opulent Estate is so far from being an Inlet to Happiness, that by nourishing our evil Appetites, it too often leads to Destruction——true Happiness consists in doing Good, virtuous Actions strengthen the Soul and confirm the Understanding—and the Advantage of Wealth is to be able to do good Offices.

Lure. [*aside.*] What a moral Cant this Elf preaches, I'll be damn'd if there is not a muddy Bottom under this smooth Surface.——Sir I'll step home and get all things ready for your Reception. [*Exit.*]

Fasten solus.

Fast. Well play'd Mrs. *Lurewell*, and well play'd *Jack Fasten* also,——the Reputation of having four thousand Pounds a Year, smooth Behaviour, and an Affectation of Virtue and Modesty may do a great deal—if we consider the Conduct of Men, and the Management of human

human Affairs, I am confident we shall find that the specious Appearance of Virtue and Goodness brings in more Advantages and Profits than the real Exercise of those Qualifications.—I am virtuous and good, as *Lurewell* is honest and sincere,—if a painted Face attracts Customers, as well as a real Bloom can do; sure our Condition is by so much the happier, as it is in our own Power to assume the false Appearance whenever we please, and whenever it suits our Purpose, a Man of Prudence barter empty Truth for profitable Falshood.

[Draws a Matchiavel out of his Pocket and reads.]

“ When a Man is kill’d he can do you no
 “ more Injury, a dead Dog bites no more; af-
 “ sociate yourself with the Fortunate, despise and
 “ shun the Unhappy.”

Thy Precepts are true Wisdom, glorious *Mat-
 chiavel!*

*[Sees Angelica at a Distance, and reads out
 loud a Passage of Seneca’s Morals.]*

We should every Night call ourselves to an Ac-
 count, what Infirmities have I master’d to Day?
 What Passion oppos’d? What Temptation re-
 sisted? What Virtue acquir’d?

*[Angelica and Matty advance; as he reads
 with a compos’d Air and pauses, she falls
 into several Exclamations of Wonder.]*

Ang. The wonderful Man! his Innocence and
 Mildness charm me.—Manners without Af-
 fection, Complaisance without Design, such a
 Willingness to serve a Body, and so much Readiness.

Matty.

Matty. Faith, Madam, if his Inclinations and Ability are correspondent to his stupid Air, and if he has no more Sprightliness than I have yet discover'd in him, I would not give a Farthing for his Services ;—a Servant for the Vengeance.

Ang. Then he reads with such a soft and pleasing Accent.

Matty. Upon my Soul I think he looks like a Fellow going to the Gallows.—May be, Madam, he is reading for the Benefit of Clergy.

[Fasten still reading, Angelica comes up to him and seizes his Book before he pretends to observe it.

Ang. Mr. Fasten, what, ever in Contemplation !

Fast. Sure I am the most happy Man alive,—my Mind improv'd by the great *Seneca*, and my Eyes feasted by the Divine *Angelica*, Philosophy and Beauty in Perfection.

Matty. [*aside.*] A Booby in Perfection ; sure Madam, you have something else to do than to listen to so much awkward Folly and Impertinence.

Fast. Madam, a Superiority of Reason, a keen Understanding and good Sense, are the Blessings which provident Nature has bestowed on you with a liberal Hand, you need no artificial Ornaments either of Mind or Body, while I by industrious Reflection and assiduous Reading, strive to supply the Want of what so conspicuously shines in you.

Matty. [*aside*] The Devil is in the Fellow—pray Sir, are all these same starcht Words in that same Book, that you just now put into your Pocket ? Pray what has my Mistress to say to
Sinicur,

Sinicur, of Flosfy ? My Mistress is a Woman, Sir, a Woman like other Women, Sir, and I hope has more Grace than to be amus'd with such Trifles as you talk of,—Look you, Sir, less Froth and more Substance—more Substance, Sir, or you are not for our Purpose, I assure you ; upon my Soul, Madam, he looks liker a Conjuror than a Squire.—Pray Sir, can you tell Fortunes, when a Body is going to be married, or who stole my Mistress's Etouy the Day after we met you at *York*.

Fast. Madam, I shall rather impute this Impertinence of your Servant to her own Imprudence, than to any Fault in you, who are incapable of being faulty ; Mildness, and too great an Indulgence from their Superiors, make Domestic too often neglectful of their Duty.

Ang. [*Aside to Matty*.] My dear *Matty*, as you love me, bring me some Tidings from my dearest *Rover*, Watch, pursue him, find him out—leave me, and when you bring him back, stay with me for ever.

Fast. How gracefully she moves.
As to rough Rocks cling fasten'd Periwinkles,
So to the Lustre of thy radiant Eye,
Which brighter than the Noon-day Sun,
Or North-Star twinkles,
Adheres my Soul in wondrous Extacy.

Matty. [*Tips Ang. on the Shoulder*.] All Learning, Madam,—deep Learning ; I'll be curs'd if he does not teach you a Lesson before he parts with you, that you'll have Reason to remember:

[*Sings*.

I.

TO conquer a Maid who conceits herself witty,
 To rifle her Charms be she never so pretty,
 Lay Siege with fine Words, and attack her with
 Wit,
 And her sensible Part you'll most certainly hit.
 And her, &c.

II.

If she thinks herself guarded by Learning and
 Sense,
 With Sense and with Learning beat down that De-
 fence;
 For Women surrender, if Men will employ,
 Those Arts, which themselves would have us'd to
 destroy.

Those Arts, &c.
 [Exit.]

Ang. Mr. Fasten, you are the finest Scholar I
 ever knew in my Life, your Conversation has
 been so agreeable and instructive, that it has less-
 en'd the Fatigue of this long Journey, nor
 should I ever be tir'd of so pleasing a Com-
 panion; I like Calmness and Meekness of Tem-
 per, and a Willingness to please, such as is al-
 ways found in you, has very engaging Allure-
 ments; my Love for Erudition and Science,
 (which you possess in so eminent a Degree) has
 daily increas'd since I had the Honour of know-
 ing you, they give a Body so obliging a Beha-
 viour, and furnish one with so sweet a Facility of
 saying fine Things, that I am perfectly enchanted.
 Fast.

Fast. Madam, to be agreeable to you, is the only Product I shall require from the Sum-total of any Talents which I may possess, and if I can be useful to you, command me, and the height of my Ambition shall be to obey.

Ang. [*aside.*] Well, it is a fine Thing to be well bred—pray, Sir, have you that beautiful Diamond Ring about you, which we so much admir'd when you shew'd it to us in the Stage. I think I never saw any Thing so perfectly neat. Does the Artist live in *London*, Sir?

Fast. [*aside.*] I may venture to say, it never fell into the Hands of a nicer Artist, I think no Hands in *Europe* could set it more curiously than mine have done, one fair slip of a Dye finish'd the whole Workmanship. [*To her.*] Here it is Madam, and I believe a compleat Master-piece; it was finish'd by one of the neatest Workmen in *London*, a Countryman of mine, Madam, who, tho' the most skilful Man of his Business in the Kingdom, is, by his Necessities, obliged to live in Obscurity; but Poverty, tho' a very great bar to Thriving, is very far from being a hindrance to Ingenuity.

Ang. I have here an old Family Ring of some Value, which, if I were not afraid of being too troublesome, I should beg of you to get re-set by the same Hand.

Fast. It shall, my dear Madam; and I'll engage to the best Advantage.—Your Pendants, Madam, seem a little old-fashion'd, the Stones are too large and weighty.—Remove those Adamantine Barriers—that seem to stop the Inlets of your Ears—gentle Sighs and tender Wishes which must ever surround you, may lose their

B

Soft-

Softness when such hard Substances obstruct the Passage.

Ang. O, dear Sir, I never heard a Gentleman make use of such sweet Expressions—you are the very Standard of Politeness. [*Giving them to him.* I am sure you'll take Care to have them finish'd in the newest Taste.

[*She draws out a Box which she peeps into, but as she is putting it into her Pocket, he seizes her Hand.*

Fast. What have you got here, Madam? What! the whole Harvest of *Indostan*! immensely rich, but fashion'd with a *mauvais Goût*; Madam, these Squares are no longer the Mode; your Necklace should be figur'd into Hearts and cross Arrows interwoven alternate, like the Rue and Thistle in the Collar of the noble Order of *St. Andrew*.

Ang. Sir, I shall be guided entirely by you—I would have them done as expeditiously as possible.

Fast. [*aside*] Egad I don't think I have been very long about them.

Ang. Sir, I must beg Leave to retire and prepare to leave this Place. I have been inform'd that you have taken Apartments at Mrs. *Lurewell*'s where I am to lodge, I shall meet you there with Pleasure, your Conversation is so useful, that the oftner I see you the more I shall be instructed, you form my Genius, and refine my Understanding.

[*He conducts her to the Door with affected Bows and Congees.*

Fasten,

Fasten, *solus.*

Refine your Understanding——if taking away your Superfluities be refining you, from the Success of my first Attempt, I may expect to perfect the Operation speedily ; come, come, since I have taken the Outworks there is some Hope that the Fort will soon surrender, my next Sally shall be on her Person, and then all is my own. —I'll refine you to some Purpose. [*Looking on the Diamond.*] Hum,—now this very same Charmer is (whatever she may think to the contrary) five good thousand Pounds poorer than she was fifteen Minutes ago ; I'll set her Diamonds, but in such firm Sockets that she shall never have the Disappointment of seeing them drop out again : Pretty Twinklers, by the Lustre of those Stars will I henceforward guide my Course——so then in *Angelica's* Eyes I am a Man of Worth and Learning, and in reality I am as much the one as the other, her happy Disposition of Mind, and her natural Inclination to Goodness, are likely to be of no great Use to her, if this be the Rate she intends to go on. If Sincerity and Virtue only render the Possessors more subject to be impos'd upon, grant me, ye Gods, those little Qualifications of Artifice, Cunning, Address and Craft, which, tho' not half so much cry'd up and prais'd by the Moralists, yet make up that little Deficiency by the Superiority of their Use and Profit.

*While Wisemen thrive by Falshood's useful Rules,
Leave, Truth, and Innocence, to starving Fools.*

[*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *a Walk before Mrs. Lurewell's House.**Enter Stephen Dairy and Mr. Trueman.*

Dairy. **D**EAR Sir, the Lord send you long Life, and Prosperity, sure the Parson of our Parish had all his Senses about him when he gave me that Letter of Commendation to your Honour and Worship; if I had not found you out, I might have been lost myself, and might have never heard any Tidings of my poor dear Child, that cost me so much Labour and Pain in raring; good Sir, it would melt the Heart of a Stone, did you but know how much my Soul is tir'd within me in grieving for the Loss of my poor Daughter—my poor dear Child—my tender Infant.

True. My poor honest Friend, I heartily pity your Distress, you shall have all the Assistance that I am able to procure for you, and wish I could do more to serve you.—I have often reflected that one of the greatest Miseries which a low Station and an indifferent Rank of Life can bring upon a Man, is, that such a Condition puts it out of his Power to get a proper Retaliation for the Injuries he receives from the Rich and Powerful: Their over-bearing Haughtiness excludes all Humanity.

Dairy. Could I once put my Eyes on my darling Babe, I should die in Peace with this World. [*cries most bitterly*] That curs'd Jade that first veigled her from me; my good, dear Sir, I could comfortably forgive the Loss of any other Chat-
tle;

tle ; Wauns, Sir, had my Barns been destroyed by Fire, I could build them again, had my Team of Oxen died by Pestilence, I could wait for the growing up of my young Calves ; had a Blast destroy'd my Harveſt, or had my Gardens been plow'd up by my Enemy, Time and Patience might have indemnify'd me ; but Sir, what can compenſe me for my Daughter ?——Alack-a-day, I ſhall loſe my ſeven Senſes.

True. I ſincerely pity thee ; there is ſtill a Poſſibility of recovering her.

Dairy. Heaven be ſo kind as to will it ſo—Sir, you have lighten'd my Heart and given me new Life ; I have ſought and ſearch'd for her to no Purpoſe, ſhe has got into ſome Devil's Nook, ſome Hand of Hell has viron'd my Child, I woundedly fear that ſome Limb of Satan, that *Fran. Francisco*, whom your Honour was juſt now ſpeaking about ;——if that Hell-hound, that Flaſh of Hell-fire ſmother'd in human Fleſh, that Squib of Brimſtone, wrap'd and bound in Leather of the Devil's tanning, has caught a Grip of her, I ſhall never get her out of his Clutches.

True. Moderate your Paſſion, my Friend, you ſeem to talk of *Franciſco* as if you were acquainted with his Character, pray did you ever hear of him before I mention'd him to you.

Dairy. Alack-a-day Sir, hear of him, ay truly, all the World has heard of him ; ho ! Sir, that ſame Villain purchas'd a vaſt Eſtate in my Neighbourhood, turn'd out good Sir *Francis Noodle* out of Houſe and Home, ſet all his Family a begging, and gave the laſt finiſhing Stroke to the Family of the *Softheads*, that were once ſo flouriſhing in our Country.

True. I would have you lose no Time—I have given you all the Account I know of the Matter.

Dairy. Worthy, dear Sir, I shall hie away, did you but know the good Proffers she had for Matrimony, far better than I could have wish'd for, a very near Relation of the Knight of our Shire would have married her with an Inch of a Candle. And young Master *Mellefont*, when he came from studying his Books at *Cambridge*, was running stark mad for, and would have taken her in her Shift.

True. [*aside*] *Mellefont*, what do I hear? *Mellefont*!

Dairy. Dear Sir, I'll follow your Orders; Heaven send that I may find her, these three long Months has she been astray from me; what a pack of Troubles am I invellom'd in? hob, bob, bob, boo. — [*Exit crying.*]

Trueman, solus.

That Rancour of Mind, and Rottenness of the Brain, which is fatally acquir'd by a Reiteration of mean and unbecoming Actions, is the most deplorable State, the most abjectly wretched Condition that human Nature can dwindle into; an evil Man dreads the Reflections of his own Mind;—the Blotches and leprous Spots which stain it, are hideous to the Eye of his Discernment; the best Things are capable of the worst Corruptions, and the pure and unblemish'd Soul when vitiated, receives the most horrid and abominable Impurities—this *Francisco* who now stands on the Pinnacle of Vice, was (I dare say) a long Time labouring before he could attain to it,

it, the same Industry apply'd on the contrary Side, would have made him the best of Men—he is now the Standard of Villainy, deep sunk in that lethargick Drowsiness, that stupid Insensibility to all Goodness, with which the Continuation of an abominable Life overshadows the Understanding—I hope from my Heart that young *Mellefont* is not any way engag'd to this *Susanna Dairy*, if she has fallen into *Francisco's* Hands, Heavens keep her out of the Road of my dear *Mellefont*.

Enter Mellefont.

True. My dear *Mellefont*, I rejoice to see you.

Mel. Sir, if Benefits receiv'd can engage a grateful Soul to Respect, you have my utmost Acknowledgments.

True. *Mellefont*, next to my Life you have been always dear to me, beside, that you are the Son of my dear deceas'd Brother, and thus most closely allied to me; your own good Qualifications did early engage me in your Favour, and as a mark of that Esteem, I procured you the happy Advantage of a good and liberal Education, which is the greatest Blessing that we can receive in this Life, and the greatest Benefit our Friends can confer upon us.

Mel. Sir, as you repeat your Favours daily, it is impossible I should forget them.

True. You are all my Care, but my dear Child, tho' you have as much Wisdom and Discretion as your Years will admit of, permit me to tell you, that I should think it adviseable for you to leave *London*, and return to the University: Thus may you prudently shun the Continuation of your worst Set of Acquaintance, and avoid one *Susanna*

Dairy, whom I am forry and asham'd to mention to you. [*Exit, and leaves him in Confusion.*]

Mellefont, solus.

By what fatal Accident cou'd he hear of my Love for *Susy*? O Fame, well did the Poet say that you had a hundred Ears: Had my Uncle's been excluded the Number, I could have compounded for the rest; those fictitious Bards have also given her an hundred Eyes, had they added the two sparkling Orbs which shine in my *Susanna's* Front, had they added them, they would have given Beauty and Lustre to a Thousand.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. Lurewell, Susanna Dairy, Moll Simperer, Hester Dainty, Soaking Pegg, Squire Rover, and Jack Soaker.

Soak. Sir, the last Article of our Days Expence is two Pounds, fifteen Shillings, for Coach-hire — damn *Blunt*, he is as dear as the Devil.

[*Presents the Bill to Rover, which he puts in his Pocket without looking at it.*]

This is the Truth of Living, he that lives most dies least, a short Life and a merry one.

Rover. Life! Death! I have liv'd five hundred Lives in these last six Months, the Age of ten *Methusalems*, every fresh Bottle is a new Lung to me, and every fresh Woman is a Nostril to breath through.

Enter Mellefont, seeing Susanna pass by, seizes her.

Mel. Welcome, thou Balsam to my Heart, thou pleasing Fancy of my Imagination, thou Rudder

Rudder of my Actions, and Anchor of my Hope,
Zenith of my Happiness, my Light, my Morning-Star.

Susanna, Pshaw.

Pegg. [*aside to the Women*] Light and Morning-Star, Fire, and burning-Star, confound her.

Rov. Ladies, I hope the Entertainment pleas'd you, I never spent the Day so much to my Taste, I think it was a pretty little *Partie de Plaisir*.

Simp. Part with Pleasure, egad if I was sure to live thus every Day, I would part with my Life as soon; I would stick to you closer than any Prude to a Detail of a Neighbour's Scandal.

Lure. Come, Ladies, we are just at home, I have order'd something for our Refreshment, and a Bowl of excellent Rack Punch: *Mr. Rover*, we shall expect your Company; and yours, Sir.

[*Exeunt all the Women, except Susan*.

[*Mellefont forcibly detains Susanna, and at the same time comes out Angelica from Mrs. Lurewell, who stops Rover*.

Mel. Madam, I must detain you,——here could I dwell for ever.

Sus. [*aside*] May be you would find the House too hot for you——detain me, Sir, for what?

[*While Rover and Angelica speaks, Mellefont still courts Susanna, and while they speak, Angelica engages Rover*.

Rov. What! is not this *Angelica*? Death! shall I never get rid of her.——Now shall I be pester'd with what they call wholesome Advice, and to what Purpose? The Devil and all his Artillery, shall never be able to make me give up a Scheme of Life which affords such a Circle of Delights; reclaim me! a likely Tale; her Assurance of Affection and her Council, shall just prevail

prevail as much as the Cries of distressed Tenants move the Pity of oppressing Landlords:— Affection, Love, Council, Advice, what the Devil have I do with all this?

Ang. My dearest *Rover*, since mute Tokens, and dumb Signs have no Effect on you, I shall once break through my Resolutions, and must tell you that I love you to Distraction.

[*Rover pauses.*]

Mel. [*To Susan.*] And as my Soul is long since rivetted in you, there shall it stick for ever.

Rov. Terrible Resolution! Madam, to be short with you, I could not love an Angel.

Mel. And till Pity moves you, I shall ever keep this Posture.

[*Kneels.*]

Susan. Proper Postures may do a great deal.

Ang. Your Fortune, Health, and Character.

Mel. And tho' some few unguarded Steps might have expos'd you to Censure, I despise the talkative World, and forgive them all.

Susan. Steps that my Soul delighted in. Sir, I shall agree with you in despising the World, I am so far a true Philosopher.

Rov. [*To Ang.*] Madam, I have provided for 'em all, my Fortune is ten times greater than that of any other Man in *England* of an equal Income, only by foregoing time a little, I concentrate the Expences of ten Years into one; my Health I provide for by hardning my Constitution, and inuring it to Excesses of all kinds, and as I strive to excel all others in my Way, I hope I may lay some claim to a great Character.

Mel. The Advantage of my Offers, and the Sincerity of my Heart.

Susan.

Susan. Sir, I must depart. [*Aside.*] What! trifle away my time, while Rack Punch glows upon the Table. [*Goes off, Mel. follows her.*

[*Angelica still engag'd with Rover.*

Ang. And if you can be cruel enough to refuse me a suitable Return, hide my Weakness in Silence, and for my tender Love to you reward me at least with Secrecy.

Rov. Madam, I am the most secret Man in the World, rely upon my Honour.

[*Angelica retires in a languishing Manner to the Corner of the Stage.*]

Rov. I dread the Performance of that Injunction. I should burst if I knew any one thing that was not known to all the World, Secrets are as safe in me, as Honey in a hoop'd Vessel, and I shall hide them just as a covetous Priest can smother his Passion for Preferment: ——— What the Devil in Tears. See what a pretty Fellow can do. ——— [*To her.*] Madam, if you pour out your Moisture at this Rate, you'll hardly have Water enough left in you to quench that Fire of Love that burns so furiously within your Precincts, ha, ha, ha, less humid Evacuations Madam. [*Aside.*] Rare Sport, let her cry and be damn'd. [*To her.*] Madam, you may be reliev'd very agreeably too, I assure you; you should not stick out for a Trifle among Friends, consider how unwelcome those honourable Conditions you mention are to the Party you treat with, and if you can get Relief, never boggle at the little Difference in the Method of having it administered.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Trueman.

True. Madam, I rejoice to see you, I had an Account of your coming to Town, and as I have you dearly at Heart, was resolv'd to wait upon you as soon as possible.

Enter Mellefont,

I here offer you the sincere Offices of an honest Guardian, and a trusty Friend. What brings *Mellefont* here? [*Aside.*] Madam, your Looks express Anguish and Despair; when Grief assails the Good and Virtuous, the Impressions it makes are stronger as they are more perfect: Sorrow should be confin'd to the Undeserving, its black Hue best suits the Darkness of their Souls:

Ang. Lost, and undone for ever!

Mel. A distracted Mind and hopeless Heart.

True. Could I give Help with the same Liberality, that I bestow my Pity on you. My dear *Angelica*, if unbosoming yourself to a trusty Counsellor can lessen the Weight that hangs so heavy on you, repose in me. Come, my dear Child, even Troubles bring this Happiness along with them, that they are Subjects for Comfort and Consolation. [*Exeunt.*]

Mellefont, solus.

Relentless *Susanna*! Unfortunate *Mellefont*! and doubly unfortunate, as you are conscious that the Object of your Wishes is not altogether worthy of so extravagant an Attention. What a strange Inversion of our Brain does Love create?
Our

Our other Passions hurry us along with the Torrent of our Inclinations and Appetites ; but Love like an irresistible Deluge blinds every lesser Torrent in itself ; the Dams of Reason and Sense are too feeble Bars to its Progress ; it rous uncontroul'd, and overwhelms every Opposition.
[Exit.]

SCENE, *Mrs. Lurewell's House.*

Scene draws and discovers Mrs. Lurewell, Susanna, Dairy, Moll Simperer, Soaking Peg, Hester Dainty, other Ladies, and Jack Soaker, over a Bowl of Punch.

Lure. Come Ladies, fill about, here's Honour and Honefty for ever.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Soaker, my Master sent me for you, I left him at the *Rummer* and *Horse-Shoe* in *Drury-lane* : Some villainous Constables have been impudent enough to suspect him of owing Money upon some false Information of scandalous Creditors ; his high Spirit was unable to brook with the unworthy Proposal of taking up Apartments in the Fleet, he grew furious at their offering such an Indignity to a Man of his Consequence ; the Rascals mutinied, and talk'd of hoisting him to Newgate. I believe he is half way there by this time.

Soak. Villains, Varlets, Scoundrels, Thieves, zounds let me to them, shew me the Way, *Turks, Infidels.*
[Exit.]

M. Simp.

M. Simp. [*To Susan.*] Ay, there's your Spark gone to Newgate, Madam.

Susan. Not if he bribes the Bailiffs, and compounds with the Justice, Madam *Prater*. Madam, that is my Misfortune, and what has happened but once; I'll be hang'd if there be a Prison in *England* where you have not had a Lover in Chains.

Lure. Come, come, agree Ladies, and drink your Punch; these are Trifles that happen every Day in the Course of our Business, and a Gentleman is never the worse for visiting the Theatres of *Bridewell*, the *Compters*, or *Newgate*, it's the Case of many a pretty Gentleman; my Heart warms to a Man who has pass'd through those little Trials.

S. Peg. I must own, I love a Fellow Sufferer.

Enter Betty with a Parcel of Letters.

Lure. What have you got there, *Betty*.

Betty. Letters, Madam, for your Ladyship; there have been above fifty People looking for your Ladyship since your Ladyship went abroad this Morning.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Lure. [*Opening one of the Letters.*] Ladies you'll excuse me. [*Reading.*] *Aminidab Quaint.*

O ho, the rich Quaker near *Queenhithe*. — The Devil's in the Fellow, I shall begin to like his Religion, if these be the Operations of the Spirit; — they are wonderful: The Fellow is off and on like a Wagtail; I have recommended him fourteen different Ladies within these ten Days, and now he sends for fresh Supply.

[*Reads.*]

[Reads.]

“ My Soul thirsteth to have Communi-
 “ cation with that tender Twig whom thou
 “ last spokest to me of. Thine in the
 “ Flesh,

Aminidab Quaint.

Thou shalt *Aminidab*, he is an excellent Chap,
 and pays swingingly.

H. Dainty. I like the Principles of these sleek
 Brethren, they are Smugglers in Vice, and pay
 hugely when detected : Your open Traders and
 barefac'd Villians are so well acquainted with the
 Duties of Merchandize, that it is almost impos-
 sible to make any Hand of them.

Lure. [Reads the last Line of another Letter.]

“ The damn'd confounded Jade stript
 “ me Mother-naked ; she is gone off this
 “ Morning at Four. Blood, Madam, make
 “ a diligent Search for her : I have been
 “ oft cast away, but never sunk before ;
 “ whatever you do, get me back my Gun-
 “ ter's Scale, and Pocket Needle.

Yours,

Thomas Steady.

Lure. Ha, ha, ha, a stenchier Bull Dog was ne-
 ver at the *Bear Garden* — True Blue — I would
 not wonder if this Sea-hog detested the very Sha-
 dow of a Lady ; to my Knowledge no Devil
 ever suffer'd half so much as he has done, buffet-
 ed, stript, beggar'd, Scandal, Loss of Time, of
 Money, of Business, of Health ; the Infamy of
 Goals, Perils of powdering Tubs, nor even the
 frightful Threatnings of a deplorable and wret-
 ched

ched Poverty are able to deter this thorough Sportsman.——[*To Mrs. Simper.*] *Mrs. Simper*, I must beg of you to make strict Inquiry for that *Jenny Clinker*——she is an unmerciful Jade, and when she robs a Man (which she never fails doing when the least Opportunity offers) sweeps clean; she is none of your little Pilferers, Neck or nothing: Damn her, I have more plague with her, and lifting *Dolly*, than with all the rest of my Girls.

S. Peg. I have a very tender Affection for poor *Jenny*; she kept me in Liquors this whole Fortnight by the Booty of one Night;——only a Cassock, five plain Shirts, eleven excellent new Bands, five Volumes of *South's* Sermons, and a Concordance, that was all.

Lure. As for lifting *Dolly* I have been fifty Times tempted to discharge her; she is ever in some damn'd Scrape or other.——The Slut has a most charming Face, is never out of Business, for she's every Body's Market.

[*Opens another Letter, reads.*]

Dear Madam,

“ You may assure yourself it is the ut-
 “ most Necessity that obliges me to trouble
 “ you, I shall perish if not reliev'd.—I am,
 “ with the utmost Respect,

Dear Madam,

Your most Obsequious

and most humble Servant,

Samuel Dismal.

P. S. Dear Madam, send me one Shilling per Bearer.

From the Fleet Prison. Monday Morning.

M. Simp.

M. Simper. Poor Mr. *Dismal*, I always read his Destiny——Devil mend him——but egad I pity him too, for he was a good Fellow when he had it,

Lure. Son of a Whore! let him perish and be damn'd——send him a Shilling, not a Farthing to save him from the Gallows——send him a Rope to hang him——that same giddy-headed Rascal made more Noise about Town, in spending a little dirty Fortune of a Thousand a Year, than an Elder of the Meeting-house would in finishing a Plum.——I am glad it is all over, now we shall have a little rest, such a Hurly-burly there was with this Fellow Day and Night, I could not sleep in my Bed for him, drunk at Noon-day, mad at Mid-night, Chairmen roaring, Coaches rattling, Fiddlers, Pimps, Bullies, Waiters, such a Train of Artillery, up Stairs, and down Stairs,——now I hope he is easy.

H. Dainty. He had very fine Cloaths, if he lives savingly, and sells them one by one, they may last him a good while.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, the Waggon is arriv'd within this half Hour, and has brought some fresh Recruits;—A *Dyer's* Daughter from *Coventry* with a tolerable Face, but freckled, sandy Hair, very fat, and of a low size—A tall, whey-fac'd Wench, wan and lean as a Whipping-Post, in a rusty Suit of ragged Mourning, and the Waggoner says she is Daughter to a deceas'd Country Curate,—A fat overgrown Beast past Fifty, that won't tell who she is, but suspected to be an Alderman's Wife of *Chester*, who has elop'd from

her Husband——A Lieutenant's Widow, (and faith a clever Woman) who comes to *London* to sue for a Pension; and two *Irish* young Wenchcs of an excellent Complexion, fair-hair'd and well featur'd, but very much reduc'd as to Apparel, scarce a Rag to their Backs.

Lure. Good News, I have Use for them all, except that young Lady of Fifty;——I hate Justice, and don't care for meddling with Aldermen, I'll engage that over-grown Land Porpus is an old Trader, she knows what Element to tumble in.

S. Peg. If I an't mistaken I have had the Honour of being acquainted with that same Lady, she and I, and two Sailors from *Wapping*, finish'd two and thirty Quarterns of Spirits in a Gin Shop at *Redriff*.

Lure. Betty, send proper Messengers to see how the Ladies dispose of themselves.

[Exit Betty.

[She draws out a Pencil, and writes upon the Back of one of the Letters.

The Dyer's Daughter, fat, and low, red-hair'd——for the *Dutch* Captain,——every Man to his Taste, the Parson's Daughter (to be sure well bred) genteel, but confoundedly lean,——we can plump her up, she'll do very well for an ingenious Man——a Gentleman of Learning——the Widow I pronounce for *Francisco*——I must make Interest with him to solicit for her Pension, ha, ha, ha,——the two *Irish* Lasses I must bring home, there is a great demand about Town, for that Country Ware.

M. Semp. There is no accounting for Fancy, I think we have as choice Goods in *England*, as any in *Europe*, and I do not see the Necessity of
encou-

encouraging foreign Manufacture, it destroys the Trade of the Nation.

[*Lurewell putting up all the Letters in a Bundle.*]

Lure. Ladies, I fear I tired your Patience, but Business must be minded.

Susan. I thought I observ'd a Coronet on the Seal of that last Letter you were reading.—— Some Nobleman, Madam.—— I wish you would think of me, Mrs. *Lurewell*.

Lure. Child, I have too great a Regard for you, to put you into the Hands of a Lord. No, no, the less we deal with Noblemen the better;—— they are the unfittest in the World for our Purposes; they seldom continue good for any Thing above one Year or two, and that when they are very young, and just come to their Estates and Titles.—— They run such an extravagant Race, that Necessities crowd on 'em on every Side, and are so cheated and sharp'd by every Body they deal with at their Setting-out, that in Return, they become arrant Knaves and Sharpers themselves.

M. Simp. I have had the Honour of being a Peerefs more than once, and got but very little Advantage by it—except the Dignity.

H. Dainty. O fye! Mrs. *Molly*, you are too mercenary, is not there a secret Pleasure in touching Quality?—— Hang Profit, I think it's so genteel a Thing to be a Lady.

S. Peg. An *East-India* Sailor in his Riot, a *Smithfield* Drover in his Debauches, or a young run-away 'Prentice in his Folly, are, I think, no despicable Things.

Susan. I think, Mrs. *Simperer*, you have had the most out of the Way Amours, of any Lady of my Acquaintance.

S. Peg. *Moll* has seen a good deal; do you remember the *French* Colonel's Ragou's and Ratifia, you liv'd pretty much *A-la-mode* in that airy Retirement at *Spittlefields*, Mrs. *Molly*.

M. Simp. I was never fed from the Ladder-Ordinary, Madam *Soaker*; — and tho' your Ladyship has been happy enough to pass thro' the Hands of the Masters of the King's Prisons, and such as are real Keepers by Profession: I have had my good Days as well you, Madam!

Lure. I cannot, with Patience, see these Divisions in my Family. — Come Ladies, I don't love to encourage these little Squabbles, they may mount into a dangerous Blaze, and prove destructive to our publick Cause; those little Squibs can as effectually create an irreconcilable Enmity, as romping brings on an Action, very detrimental to Chastity.

[Sings.

A I R. *Moggy Lawther.*

I.

COME cease your Feuds, my gentle Nymphs,
And fill about your Glasses,
Agree in Friendship as in Vice,
Like sober prudent Lasses.
Disputes and Scoldings best become
High Dames of lofty Station:
Let them like Devils jarr about,
That Trifle, Reputation.

While

II.

*While we with Hands and Hearts sincere,
Our utmost Strength combining,
And in the common Cause to work,
With Might and Main designing :
If every watchful sprightly Lass,
With Care observes her Duty,
No less than all the World's our Prize,
And all Mankind our Booty.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*



A C T III.

SCENE, FRANCISCO'S House.

The Scene draws and discovers Francisco at his 'Scrutore, some Bags of Money before him, and Parchments, Writing.

FRANCISCO,

BY the Charitable Corporation, nineteen Thousand, three Hundred and sixty-nine Pounds, thirteen Shillings, and Five-pence Farthing.—— To rob single Persons is but poultry Work;—— he who defeats a whole Body, has some Title to the Name of a Conqueror; in ingrossing this little Sum to myself, the Poor are no greater Sufferers than if the Money had been divided among the different Overseers of that Fund.—— The Directors of publick Charities are like Pikes in a Pond, they fatten on the Food that was never designed for them:—— If Charity (such as this is) ends with me, it may begin where it pleases.—— By Mortgages on Lord Viscount *Spendall's* Lands, thirty-six thousand Pounds, nineteen Shillings and Eleven-pence:—— Glorious Product! from about seven hundred and forty Pounds, lent him at several Times: If he brought his Noble to a Nine-pence, I think I have stretch'd my Nine-pence beyond a Noble. There is a great deal of Judgment in properly nicking the Necessities of a Spend-thrift. On 'Squire *Giddy's* Estate in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, eleven Thousand,

land, two Hundred and six Pounds *Engliſh* Money, all run out in five Months time; the young Gentlemen of that Country are very ſpeedy in Action, they blaze like Stars, and ſet like Moons.

—— Rent Roll of my Eſtate in different Shires of *England*, Purchaſes in *Scotland*, Lands about *London*, and Houſes in the City, eight Thouſand one Hundred and fourteen Pounds, ſeven Shillings and Four-pence three Farthings, yearly Income. —— Twenty-nine thouſand Pounds upon Bonds, Pledges, Chances of Deaths and Marriage, Lotteries, *York* Buildings, Fiſheries, Inſurance-Office, Wagers, Chances of *South-Sea* Stock, and *Miſſiſſippi*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Hooker* is below, he wants to ſpeak to your Honour.

Fran. Bid him come up. —— This is the clevereſt Fellow in *Europe*: —— I was never ſo happy in an Emiſſary, he is indefatigable; did he work for himſelf, he might have been as rich as *Cræſus*, and yet I dare ſay, that after ten Years expired in my Service, he is not worth a ſingle Groat; — the Fate of all puny Villains, they labour like Horſes, and profit like Aſſes.

Enter Hooker.

Fran. My dear *Hooker*, you are welcome, I was juſt conſidering how I ſhould fix you to Advantage; I am thoroughly conſcious of your Merit, and do intend to reward you amply. — Pray, Mr. *Hooker*, what News? Take a Chair, Mr. *Hooker* — ſit down — reſt yourſelf.

Hook. Sir, I suppose you have been inform'd of the Company that came last in the *York Stage*, of Mr. *Clingfast's* Setting?

Fran. Yes, yes, Mr. *Hooker*, the *Scotch* Adventurer and *Angelica* are lodg'd at my Friend *Lurewell's*.——*Rover*, I have had in my Hands these eight Months past, and by the Course of Things he may last two more;——he only went to the Country to sell some few unnecessary Acres——the Lad is young, and may play the Fool with himself, I must have him watch'd, Mr. *Hooker*, and see that the Money is properly deposited. I hear that Country Fellow, Father to *Susy*, makes a Devil of a Noise, let him take her back, and be damn'd to him and her too, provided he pays for her Cloathing and Maintenance.

Hook. Sir, do you charge nothing for the Improvement of her Talents?

Fran. No, no, I give those little Instructions gratis, I love to see Youth educated.

Hook. I wish that same Country Fellow was at the Devil, he keeps such a roaring and bellowing, he is a damn'd rough Dog, and vows Vengeance.

Fran. A slight Perjury, or a little false Indictment quashes all that Mr. *Hooker*: We have more Trouble, by a great deal, in bringing our Men on, than taking them off.

Hook. I have seen you dispatch some very dexterously.

Fran. The *Scotch* 'Squire, I fear, I shall make very little of,——but in Commerce the smallest Profits are not to be neglected:——If I can destroy *Angelica's* Character, by obliging her to lodge in an infamous House, all Mr. *Trueman's* Rhetorick

Rhetorick will never get her a Husband, and I shall thereby secure ten Thousand Pounds in my own Pocket. I wish that conscientious Rascal *Trueman* was hang'd, I should rather the Guardianship were vested in *Chancery*.

Hook. Sir, *Chancery* may be mollified, and will hearken to Reason.

Fran. Mr. *Hooker*, have you got me that Bond, sign'd by the Bishop's Nephew?

Hook. I have, Sir.

[*Drawing out a Parchment, and delivering it to him.*]

Fran. [*Reading it.*] Know all Men by these Presents.——A fair Warning.——How can a Man be said to act Underhand, when he alarms the whole World, no less than Mankind?——Know all Men——Words of Energy and Force, fifteen hundred and fifty Pounds.

Hook. That same Affair of the Bishop's Nephew, makes an ugly Noise about Town, Sir; some pretend to say, it was a Shame to draw in such a soft unexperienc'd Lad; —— his Sisters, (whose Fortunes he has squander'd) are in continual Floods of Tears, every Body pities them as distressed Orphans, and the good old Prelate openly says, that whoever has been the Cause of the Ruin of his Nephew *Lackwit*, has certainly no Conscience.

Fran. The World——the World will say any Thing, let them talk on, I will do on, we'll try who shall be tir'd soonest. —— If they are Orphans, the World is oblig'd to take Care of them —— and I'll take Care of the World. —— The Bishop preaches Conscience,——it's his Trade, and I, as a military Man, preach Plunder. —— Conscience, that weak Squeamishness of the Mind,

Mind ! give me the Man of strong Appetite and stout Digestion.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. *Lurewell* sends her Service to your Honour. There is a Lieutenant's Widow at her House, who has some particular Business with your Honour.

Fran. Send Mrs. *Lurewell* Word, that I'll wait upon her as soon as possible.

[Exit Servant.

Business crowds on a main. Mr. *Hooker*, it must be your Province to destroy that blabbering Fellow, that *Stephen Dairy* ; stifle him, drown him, bury him ; blast *Angelica's* Reputation, poison *Trueman*, see if you can hook in young *Mellefont* ; that Spark has cost me a plaguy deal of Pains, but he slips so artfully through my Fingers, that I have not as yet been able to perfect his Destruction — he bleeds slowly — I deliver him up to you and *Clingfast* — your's be the Booty — be careful *Ned* — and tho' you are an Adept at your Business, let me repeat the sage Lesson which I have often taught you : — All Cheating is fair Play, if not detected ; the Highwayman suffers at *Tyburn*, not because he robb'd, but because he was taken. — No mincing *Ned*, if you play the Game, play the thorough Game, double, twine, sink, thrive at any Rate, and to gain your Ends, stick at Nothing.

[Exit Hooker.

By Mrs. *Lurewell's* Account, this 'Squire *Fasten* is Grandson to one Sir *Hardress Fasten*, and has a large Estate in *Scotland* ; I never heard talk of any Gentleman of that Name before, and I think
I know

I know the Country very well; he is lodg'd in the same House with *Angelica*, and came up in the Stage with her.——Hem—*Clingfast* could make nothing of him, though he tried him at all Games from *Long-Lawrence* down to *Push-pin*: I believe we shall have a difficult Card to play with this Fellow; but Difficulties exercise the Faculties, and whet our Industry.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Shark* is come to wait upon your Honour.——

Fran. Show him up. *Simon Shark!* the best Fellow in *Christendom*;——egregious Retailer of feminine Merchandize!

Enter Simon Shark.

Fran. *Simon*, my dear *Simon*, draw near, how stand my Amours, *Simon*? Am I well with the old Lady *Thunderbolt*, her two Sisters, and her three Daughters? Have you sounded them all?

Shark. Sir, it is a little difficult to manage six different Intrigues in the same House: Women are strict Guards over one another; and I believe your Honour knows, it is easier to exercise ten Regiments at the same Time, than make three Women obey at once the same Word of Command.——Sir, I would advise you to spread your Victories, and divide your Triumphs.——Six, out of one House, Sir, I could easier get you sixty out of different Families.

Fran. Look you *Simon*, not one of 'em must escape me; when I spread my Net, I take in the whole Covey. *Clarinda*, a second Daughter

ter to the Lady *Thunderbolt*, has been bred with a scrupulous old Grandmother, beat down her Religion, and her Virtue falls of Course; tell her, that old Stiffness of Education and Principles is quite out of Fashion. To the Tory *Belinda*, curse King and Government; and to whiggish *Celia*, extol both, and praise the Ministry. Find out their different Ways of Thinking, and let their Inclinations be Bawds to your Purpose; to a Man of your Address nothing should be invincible.

Shark. But Sir, where is the Pleasure of ruining a whole Family?

Fran. 'Sdeath, Sir, do you Moralize? Why the Pleasure lies in the very Act of destroying them; I shall plant such a new Progeny in the Lord *Thunderbolt's* House, that it should puzzle all the Genealogists in *Europe* to settle the different Degrees of their Affinity. — A Wife, rescued from the Arms of a tender Husband, a Daughter, taken from a kind indulgent Father, are Prizes worthy of my Ambition; as they have been tenderly us'd, they make agreeable mild Companions. — I have as much Satisfaction in taking one of these Booties out of a good and creditable Family, as a General can have in demolishing a well fortify'd City, that belongs to some powerful King.

Shark. The List you gave me last, of those you were pleas'd to think worthy your Notice, amounted to Seventy-nine; — out of them I have secur'd two Countesses, an Ambassador's Lady, (they cost damn'd Dear) the eleven Alderman's Wives, and nine Merchant's Daughters, cost but little Trouble. Sir, the handsome Small-Coleman's Wife, is so stubborn, that no-
thing

thing can prevail upon her, and the Cobler's beautiful Daughter at *Durham-Yard*, positively vows, she never will yield; no Offers, no Money, no Bribes, can tempt her.

Fran. Let the stiff-neck'd Fools starve with their affected Virtue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. *Angelica*, and Mr. *Trueman*, desire to see your Honour; they are gone to take a Walk on the *Par-terre*.

Fran. Trueman! confound him; could not *Angelica* come alone? I shall wait upon them immediately. ——— *Simon Shark* mow down all before you; the Plurality of Vices I leave to Courts and Councils ——— let me indulge the two little darling Passions of Lust and Avarice. ——— Sure if I confine my Desires to such narrow Bounds, they cannot be thought unreasonable; — stick to the eleven Aldermens Wives, keep them all on. ——— I think a fat Alderman deck'd, with the Ensigns Armorial of Cuckoldom, looks like the Goddess of Corn, holding the Horn of Plenty in her Arms. ——— Were I a King, I would prefer universal Cuckoldom to universal Empire: Subject, as I am, my Designs are glorious; the croud'd Streets, and full Exchange, shall be a moving Horn-wood. ——— All Horns planted by inferior Hands, shall be known by their dwarf Growth, and lesser Size; lofty and tow'ring Branches shall confess the powerful Work of the great *Francisco*. ——— My darling *Simon*, let me conjure thee to be vigilant; an Omission in Love is more irretrievable, than a Slip in Time. ——— Fare thee well; deceitful be thy

thy Actions, and false thy Words, Promise, Flatter, Cringe, Swear, Fawn, Adore: Let me spread my Banners over all Woman Kind, and let the whole Sex subdued, proclaim the Glory of my Arms. [Exit.

Shark solus.

Lustful as a Satyr, and impotent as an *Italian* Singer. How strangely are Lust and Avarice nourished by the very Methods which seem ordain'd for the Destruction of both. — The wretched Miser is incapable of enjoying his Treasure, as the batter'd Letcher is of feasting on a delicate Prize. — I should think, that when a Man cannot make proper Use of the Object of his Desires, the Heat of his Pursuits should be less violent. — His Taste runs now on Aldermen's Wives, he shall have enough of them: *Francisco* spares no Money to obtain his Ends; if Riches are the Sinews of War, I am very confident, that Money is the very Heart and Soul of Love.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Is *Francisco* at Home, Sir? Are not you one of his Operators, Sir? O your Servant *Mr. Shark*, what the Devil, what Sort of Flesh are you made of? A Body would have thought, that little Trimming you got in *Hockley the Hole*, from the Miller, for running away with his Wife, would have kept you within Doors for one Month at least.

Shark.

Shark. Pray Madam, is not your good Mistress confin'd a little from the Surfeit she took in the Streams of *Fleet-Ditch*?

Betty. Impudent Fellow! She only slipt in by Accident; and if she rowl'd a little more than ordinary in the Mire, it was the Over-fondness the Standers-by had to relieve her, occasioned that Mischance, they crowded in such Numbers to her Help, that they were a Hindrance to one another in administering it.

Shark. Well pleaded, *Bess*, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*

Betty. Be gone Scoundrel, Hell-hound.

Enter Sawny, humming a Scotch Air, and carrying a Portmantua.

Betty. Which Way now, Mr. *Sawny*?

Sawny. What makes you so inquisitive? Can't a Body go where they please in *England* without being ask'd Questions?

Betty. Pray, Mr. *Sawny*, where do you think we can get House-room for your dirty Trumpery? Look you, Friend, you should lock your Trunks a little faster; as another young Lady and I were removing one of 'em this Morning, the Hasp gave Way, and we discover'd a pretty little Medley of Curiosities, that delighted us for their Variety: An old tatter'd Quilt, three or four Rush-bottoms of Chairs, three odd Boots; a Bundle of broken-footed Stockings, a greasy leathern Pouch, cram'd with Morfels of mouldy Bread and Cheese, and fifty other such Implements that I can't remember; and under all, a Parcel of heavy Sods of Earth, I suppose they are

are a Sample of your Master's Estate, a Pattern of the Soil of your Country, ha, ha.

[Sawny seems in some Confusion, and while she talks, is settling and securing his Portmanteau, and artfully drops a Packet of Letters, which she takes up, and puts into her Pocket.]

Sawny. What the Devil is the Woman talking of? Why one of those Trunks was taken from the Inn in a Mistake; do you think 'Squire Fasten and I travel with such Lumber?

Betty. [Playing Tricks with him.] Indeed, Sawny, the Direction upon the Trunk was, *To the Honourable John Fasten, Esq;*

Sawny. That is his Name; but that is no Reason, that the Things contained in the Trunk should belong to him.—I would have you to know Mistress, that I, *Sawny Mc. Farlin*, am Premier Steward, Valet de Chambre, Accomptant General, and Gentleman to the most Noble, and most Worthy of all 'Squires, who when his Merits are well known, will be one of the highest Men in all *England*.

Betty. He could never come to a properer Place for Preferment; I don't at all doubt, but his Virtue will some Day make him the Admiration of the Multitude. [Exit.]

Sawny *solus*.

This is a Devil of a smart Gypsy; but if she gets any thing by *Sawny*, much good may it do her: ——— Egad, *John Fasten* and I are nae Fools,

Fools; he has brib'd that stubborn Devil *Matty*, who is Maid to Dame *Angelica*. — Hum — all goes right; now we have brought over *Matty*, I would not give a Bawbee to secure Madam *Angelica*: What Mistress in all *England* dare say Nay, when her Maid says Aye? Let *Lurewell* pick her Teeth with that Packet that I just now dropt: Ads Wauns, I'll see 'em all settled to some Purpose.

[Exit.



D

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Walk near Lurewell's House.

Enter ANGELICA and MATTY.

MATTY.

HA, ha, ha! Faith Madam, give me Leave to tell you, that I am surprized at your odd Way of Thinking. — What the Plague, all that romantick Stuff is quite out of Fashion;— you have cry'd and fretted more for the Slight of this one Man, than would have decently serv'd a Score of Widows for the Death of a Score of good Husbands.

Ang. Matty, you are quite a Stranger to true Affection and Tenderness.

Matty. Egad, Madam, don't tell me so, Madam.—I have liv'd in my Time with some of the tenderest Ladies in England, who were as loving as Turtles, and had Hearts as soft as Pap.

Ang. Sincerity, like Sculpture, makes no very lasting Impressions, when the Matter it works upon is of too soft a Nature; and that Workmanship, which employ'd on Freestone, soon decays, would, if bestow'd on Brass or Marble, last for Ages.

Matty. I am not so deeply read as to understand these Comparisons drawn from Quarries; but this I can tell you, that if Mr. Rover despises you, if I were you, I wou'd despise Mr.

Rover

Rover——look you Madam, that Constancy that you so much talk of, I take to be a kind of Madness; come, come, rouse yourself up and look about you: Lady *Fly* us'd to say, that a constant Woman was like a Statue looking eternally one way, Madam, roll your Eyes about you, you are able to take in a large Prospect;——*Mr. Fasten*, adores you, and I believe you are pretty well persuaded that he is a fine Gentleman, and deserves your Attention.

Enter Rover drunk, and with him Jack Soaker.

Rov. Egad *Jack*, dear *Jack*, kiss me my Boy, damn me, I love you like Fire, I think we fous'd the Rascals to some Purpose——kiss me you Dog——here *Jack*, damn me, here's five Guineas to buy a new Coat.

Soaker. Where are they, Sir,——there is nothing here but Half-pence.

Matty. [To Angelica.] There's Mr. *Rover* for you, see what a fine Figure he makes.

Rover. Egad I thought I had them——but——but——it's no Matter, a Coat, why——why, what's a Coat? Why *Tom Buckram* can make a Coat when he expects to be paid for it, a Body is hot enough without a Coat, when he has Wine enough in him——are you of a cold Constitution *Jack*? Egad I hope not; upon my Soul I think it was well for you that you had a Coat to be torn; I believe the Rogues were Sailors and delighted to see Streamers flying——if you had not a Coat on *Jack*,——they would have made Ribbands of your Skin.

D 2

Soak.

Soak. If the Dogs had not come behind, I would have fell'd them all, had they been ten times as many.

Rov. Ay, that you would my *Hector* of Greece, but if I don't mistake, they laid mostly on your Back.

Soak. Ay, the Rogues came behind me, damn 'em, it is not Gentleman-like to strike a Man behind, unless he is running away.

Rov. Come my dear Boy—come, let us go drink one Bottle more—we'll be even with the Dogs—we'll drink Confusion to 'em.—My dear *Jack*, it was the Devil *Angelica* that brought me this bad Luck, damn her Whey-Face, I would as lieve see a *Scotch* Witch in the Morning as meet her.

Soak. Sir to get any good of her, you must make a Whore of her, if she is not one already.

Rov. You know I can do that with a wet Finger—I wish I could see any Jade of 'em all have Impudence enough to refuse me,—well she shall be a Whore, and a devil of a Whore too,—egad I'll rant, and tear, and roar, and whore with *Angelica*—damn her it's too good Business for her—come honest *Jack*, away to the Tavern, Wine and Women for ever.

Soaker sings.

I.

RIGHT thirsty Sons of Bacchus,
That big-belly'd God of drinking;
Both Night and Day,
We'll moisten our Clay;
For Druth brings on dull thinking.

Rover

Rover *sings*.

II.

*We'll alter old Nature's Orders,
By Day sleep, and Midnight dining:
And if the reeling Sun,
A new Course do not run,
A Fig for his Light and shining.*

[*Exeunt*.

Ang. Abominable! I thought Drunkenness only disfigur'd the Body: Does it also deface the Mind and distort the Soul? Ah *Rover*! This false Glare of imaginary Happiness, which now dazzles the weak Eyes of your Understanding, will some Day prove your fatal Ruin——*Matty*, the dismal Accounts of the execrable Life he leads, and his vile and detestable Resolutions, wou'd be able to work up an Abhorrence in any other Woman, I must own they have wrought up in me a Dislike, I thought impossible.

Matty. A Dislike! Madam, if during your Life you can once think of him again, but with the utmost Hatred, that Moment begin to suspect your own Virtue: I wou'd as soon take one of the Lions of the Tower for a Lap-dog, as trust my Person or my Character in the Hands of such a Rakehell: Madam, Mr. *Fasten* is a sober and discreet Gentleman, and loves you to Distraction.

Ang. *Matty*, I esteem Mr. *Fasten's* Virtues: But Oh! I could wish them all in *Rover*.

Matty. Madam, Mr. *Fasten* has four Thousand Pounds a Year, and *Rover* in one Year will have less than four Farthings. Death Madam! you

make me mad when you name the Villain; if you want the Spirit of Resentment, I do not; and I think an Affront offer'd to a Mistress, touches the Honour of her Maid, as much as a beating given a Footman, obliges his Master to draw his Sword in his Servant's Defence.

Enter Fasten.

Matty. Egad, Sir, you are come in the very nick of Time; *Rover* past by here this Instant, his Drunkenness and ill Behaviour, have so lessen'd her Esteem for him, that I make no Doubt of your succeeding if you push home. At her my dear, at her.

Fast. Pardon me, Elixir of thy Sex, if in faint Words my wounded Heart pours out it's superabundant Passion, my Soul unshaken, long withstood the Charms of all the *Caledonian* Beauties; my rolling Eyes ever found some Deficiency in their most graceful Forms: untouch'd, unfix'd, I survey'd them all; and like a coasting Mariner negligently view'd the Prospects of each Shore, the gilded Hills, and painted Lawns, and rising Cities, reserv'd by Fate for some more pleasing Harbour.

Matty. Ay, ay, get into this Port and you are safe enough.

Ang. Mr. *Fasten*, your excellent Breeding readily furnishes you with Compliments: I know as well that you can say fine Things, as I am conscious how little I deserve them; alas! a Tale of Love is as acceptable now to poor *Angelica*, as Musick to a condemn'd Criminal.

Enter

*Enter Trueman listening on one side of the Stage
and Sawney on the other.*

Fast. Madam, a Soul fill'd with all great Endowments, can never want Tenderness and Pity—a Heart like mine, unexperienc'd in Love, sinks beneath the Weight of an unusual Passion, which like immoderate Grief surpasses all Expression.

Matty. Upon my Soul she begins to soften, stick close.

Ang. The Desire of giving Pain has been ever my Aversion, and my Soul startles at Cruelty, Torments I shall ever avoid creating, as I am unable to administer proper Remedies for their relief.

Fast. Madam, a Smile, a Look, a Thought, crowns with transcendent Bliss the Man whose Life, Desires, and Thoughts are fix'd in you alone.

[Enter a Servant who delivers a Pacquet to Trueman, which he examines while Sawney speaks.]

Sawney. *[pulling his Master aside.]* Wauns what a Sputtering you keep, you chatter like a Pedlar at a Fair, wounds mind your Hitts, Man, let the Wench cool a little, perhaps she'll keep till another Time; Fury, what do you stand for, there is high Game going on in a Tavern, at a Place call'd *Wild-street*——there's one Master *Hooker*, and one Master——I forgot his Name, and one Master *Mellefont*, they play for huge Sums, and I believe are drunk by this time.

Fast. Madam, my Senses and my Understanding fail me, and such an unusual Damp has overspread my vital Frame, that I must leave

you, or expire before you : O Love ! keen are thy Weapons, and killing are thy Arrows.

[*Exit leaning on Sawney.*]

True. Oh ! Traitor, thy deceitful Darts shall carry a blunted Point ; and thy keen Words shall bear an useless Edge.

Ang. *Matty*, I have been often told that Deceit is a ruling Talent in the Heart and Mind of Man : If *Mr. Fasten* is honest in his Declarations, I sincerely pity him.——Go, enquire if *Mr. Trueman* is at my Lodgings, I expect him there about this Hour.

True. *Mr. Trueman* is near you ; and *Mentor* never pursued *Telemachus* with more real Zeal or purer Affection——the Base and profligate Mind baffles all superintendency : To reform harden'd Perverseness is weeding a spongy fruitless Soil,—the Crimes of the Bad are so interwoven with their vile Interest, and the Desire of preying upon their Species, that they admit of no Cure. The Faults of good Persons are to be pity'd, because they fall Victims to their own Errors, and are the harmless Cause of their own Destruction——Innocence is a great Virtue, but in this degenerate Age, a feeble Guard.

Ang. My Guardian ! my faithful Comforter ! my Friend ! the Justness of your wholesome Council I have sensibly experienc'd. *Rover* is (what with Confusion my Soul recoils at) *Rover* is that dishonourable profligate Wretch, that your Love for my Welfare so earnestly persuaded me to believe him.

True. Yes Madam, *Rover* is a thoughtless Coxcomb, and unworthy of your Notice :——I knew the Arguments I made use of to dissuade you from pursuing that giddy Fool, would soon be

be strengthen'd by his own detestable Conduct,
——A publick, barefac'd Rake, alarms the
World; his Actions thunder in our Ears: And
the thinking Part of Mankind will be caution'd
against him, but the smooth, lurking Villain,
like Night, involves you imperceptibly in Dark-
ness: You are led on thro' pleasing Walks, and
too often irrecoverably bewilder'd——That art-
ful, slippery Snake, that Fellow who calls him-
self Squire *Fasten*, is an Impostor, a fugitive
Rogue, a silent undermining Thief.

Ang. [aside] What do I hear? *Fasten* an Im-
postor! Sir, if a modest Reservedness in Behavi-
our, and a strict Purity of Words, are Tokens of
Goodness, Mr. *Fasten* has them in Perfection.

True. Your small Experience in Life, makes
you incapable of seeing through that false Cover:
But let me assure you, that under that fair Out-
side, lies artfully couch'd, the Husband of a poor
Woman who has follow'd him hither, on Foot,
from *Scotland*; a Cheat, a Sharper, a Gamester:
in short a smooth Rogue, whose Trade is to live
by his Shifts.

Ang. [aside] Then am I undone!

True. Madam, avoid the Villain, let not your
Credulity prove your Destruction; I have rescu'd
you from the traiterous Hands of *Francisco*, whose
Design was to have sacrificed you for his own
Gain. Here are Bonds and proper Securities for
that Part of your Fortune that was in his Power
——Leave *Lurewell's* House, for she is an infamous
Woman——could I see you once disengag'd
from all your bad Acquaintance, my Mind would
be at rest; nothing shall be wanting on my Side
——I'll hasten and provide you some proper
Place of Abode. I'll leave you to your own
Good-

Goodness, and may all-seeing Heaven protect you
with peculiar Blessings. [Exit.

Angelica, alone.

Ang. O! best of Men, and O! mistaken *Angelica*! *Rover*, a dissolute abandon'd Rake! *Francisco* a false and treacherous Guardian! the modest Saint *Lurewell*, an infamous Woman! and the good Squire *Fasten*, a scandalous Cheat! is the Appearance of Virtue, the Garment that Vice must wear? And is there no peculiar outward Mark to distinguish Falshood from Reality? By Mr. *Fasten*, I have in all Probability lost above five thousand Pounds, dear Experience! What! is there nothing carried on in the great World but a continual Trade of juggling? If the Loss of their Fortunes, and a perpetual Imposition on their Judgments, are the hard Task that honest and harmless Persons must pay for their Knowledge of a corrupted World,

I.

WAFT me some kind indulgent Fate
To distant Lawns and rural Plains,
Where Virtue chose her blest'd Retreat,
And Truth in lasting Verdure reigns.
Where simple Nature in her Prime,
Scorning an artful borrow'd Grace,
Knows no destructive Change of Time,
And shews an ever-blooming Face.

Where

II.

*Where Strephon's Words his meaning bear,
Free from all Craft, or cunning deep,
Where Swains their native Colours wear,
Fair as the Fleeces of their Sheep.
Where when a Nymph with bleeding Heart,
Her love-sick tale sincerely sings,
Cupid will all his Aid impart,
And shade her with seraphick Wings.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E.

A Gaming-table at Francisco's House.

*Francisco and several Sharpers round the Table,
several Gentlemen drunk and asleep.*

Fran. Put your Hands gently about Mr. Ratler he is a good temper'd Lad, and gave his Money peaceably; that damn'd *Yorkshire* Fellow in the blew Coat, hall him out by the Heels, let him work off his Opium on the back Stairs, open wide the Casement on him, and let the Breezes of the Northwind, chill the Scoundril to death! I believe the Dog had a mind to hold out for ever.

Cling. To be sure, Sir, his Money must have been ill got or he would not have been so fond of it. Sir, the last Dose did the Business, a Dram of *Laudanum* finishes an Adversary who is too tedious in giving up his Cash, as effectually as it dispatches a lingering Father who becomes

comes an Incumbrance to his Son, it's a sovereign Remedy in both Cases.

Fran. Damn the Dog! hoist him off, throw him any where—it was as difficult to squeeze this one Purse out of his Hands, as to force the one Eye from the Forehead of a Cyclop.

Cling. The Fellow stuck to his Money as obstinately as a *Spanish Jew* to his Religion.

1st. Sharp. But we Inquisitors, Sir, have special Cures for Stubbornness; Opium as surely purges a close fist'd Gamester of his darling Dross, as Fire convinces a stiff-neck'd Heretick of the falshood of his favourite Principles.

Fran. Let *Dick Ninny* be taken right Care of, he is a good Milch-Cow, and has a more incessant Fury for the Gaming-table, than a neglected Woman for dear Revenge.

Cling. The thirst of Play was born with that young Gentleman; he runs as eagerly to Cards and Dice, as a Country Wench to a Booth in *Bartholomy*.

Fran. Gentlemen! Youths of his happy Qualifications, should meet with all reasonable Encouragement, they should be sparingly dealt with; if you draw too large Sums from them at once, you as effectually spoil your good Chap, as an Enemy alarms a City by blowing up the Arsenal; those willing young Men are to be manag'd with Art, when a Child's Play-thing hurts him, or his Sparrow bites his Finger, he is apt to reject both, and will hardly take to them again.

2d. Sharp. I have always look'd upon them, as the very Main-spring and Support of our Business; the Spirit of Play maintains the gaming Trade, as the Spirit of Controversy keeps up Disputes

Disputes in Religion; and very good Men thrive by both.

Fran. Gentlemen, this Affair was well concerted, when a Plot is rightly formed, it has already more than half succeeded: Gentlemen, I praise your Skill and Address, and make you this publick Acknowledgment of the true Sense I have of your great Deserts and Ingenuity.

[Putting all the Money into his Hat, which he takes off the Table, and from before each of them.]

Ye are all brave Fellows; the Consciousness of having rightly manag'd this last Negotiation, is Satisfaction enough for what Labour you might have endur'd in bringing it about. — Feast upon your own Imaginations; thus will you enjoy as satisfactory a Repast, as Virtue can give, when it is its own Reward. — *[To the two Sharpers.]* Adieu, Gentlemen, I wish you well; my Servant, with whom you'll be so kind as to deposit those Cloaths, 'till another Opportunity offers, shall give you some small Change to pay off your Tallies.

Enter a Servant.

Here, *Robin*, take proper Care of these Gentlemen; *[taking him aside.]* uncase the Villains before they stir from the House, strip them of my Feathers, and turn them out as bare as the Daw in the Fable. *[To them.]* Gentlemen, depend upon my Friendship, and my utmost Inclinations to serve you.

[They go off muttering and threatening.]
My dear *Robin*, and my trusty *Clingfast*, your Services crown me with Pleasure, Success, and
Plenty.

Plenty.——No Monarch is half so blest'd in his Ministry. Thou my right-belov'd Minister of State, and thou my prudent Ambassador, my Manager of foreign Affairs, my Plenipotentiary.—

Robin. Sir, I dare say, *Ralph* and I are a Reproach to the whole Tribe of all the great Men in Power; if we ruin the People committed to our Charge, we convert their Destruction to our Master's Use, we strictly answer his Intent, and honestly discharge our Duty.

Cling. I think a Governor, whose Commission runs no further than to rob a Province, for the Advantage of his Master, and is Villain enough to convert the Booty to his own Use, commits a double Robbery.

Both. Sir, no Interest can bias us.

Fran. My Friends, your Welfare is my chiefest Interest; in increasing my Profit, and providing for my Pleasures, you secure your own Fortunes. Alas! what my Heart conceives, my Head invents, and my Hand executes, is all for you: *Robin*, how is my House fix'd? How stand the Affairs of my Family? What have the Wenches earn'd this Week?

Robin. Sir, *Cicely Blunderbus*, our Cinder Maid, got five Guineas last *Wednesday* Morning from Lord *Addlebrain*; I pass'd her upon him for a fugitive *Italian* Princess, and he grew fond of her to Distraction: *Moll Simperer*, our under Chamber-maid, I put to Bed yesterday Morning to Captain *Flagger*, of the *Firebrand* Man of War; the Jade had the Impudence to sink a Moidore of the Money he gave her; I found it in her Furbeloes, and she lies ever since in the black Hole under the Vault.

Fran.

Fran. There let the villainous Strumpet rot : *Robin*, keep strict Discipline over our hackney Furniture, and punish the least Fault with the utmost Severity ; and if any of these Huffies should presume to pick a Pocket, give them no Quarters.

Robin. Unless a Gentleman be so dead Drunk, that he may be persuaded he lost his Money some where else.

Fran. Death ! upon no Account, Sir.

Cling. It brings a Scandal upon a Man's House, which must be carefully avoided. — I think, a puny Thief merits Hanging, as well as a lurking Spy deserves to be Shot ; I hate your little Pilfering, besides there is a positive Act of Parliament against picking Pockets.

Fran. No, no, let's have no Quarrels with the Law : A Man is as secure, when he works out of the Reach of Acts of Parliament, as a Catholic's Conscience, when he moves within the Pale of his Church.

[*Robin taking a Paper out of his Pocket, and Counting to himself.*]

Robin. Among all the Girls there has been got this Week, nineteen Pounds, five Shillings : We have Eleven in our Service, and but Six were employed. — Sir, *Molly Frouse*, the Wench I hired Yesterday, made most terrible Complaints of you this Morning : — She is the most stubborn Gipsy I ever knew ; she mutter'd most terribly, and her deep Sighs were intercepted by broken Words of—barbarous Usage—Cruelty—Villainy—a Rape—and such Nonsense. — In short, neither fair nor foul Means cou'd prevail upon her to be Silent ; I could hardly hinder her from

from roaring out of the Windows, and alarming the Neighbourhood.

Fran. Damn her, kick her out of the House ; the World is come to a fine Pass, when such inferior Strumpets pretend to Modesty and Chastity : ——— Confound her Insolence, ——— fine Principles, indeed, for a dirty Beggar. If I thought, the Vulgar could entertain such Notions, I should have as great an Abhorrence for their Way of Thinking, as for their Manner of Apparel.

Enter Shark.

Shark. Sir, Fortune has favoured our Designs. I have muster'd a whole Regiment of female Recruits ; it seem'd as if some superior Powers had interfer'd, *Venus* kindled a Fire in every Heart, and *Cupid* fann'd the Flame ; their powerful Chymistry melts down the most obdurate Substances ; the Money, which I employed to tempt a *Danaë*, proud, as irresistible as *Jupiter* in his golden Shower, the God himself cou'd have done no more than I did : From kind *Mercury*, I borrow'd sweet Eloquence and soft Persuasion, and the whole Council of *Olympus*, has conspir'd to make you compleatly Happy.

Fran. I was ever the Favourite of the Gods : For me, *Ceres* reaps her golden Harvest, and *Bacchus* treads the loaded Wine Press ; *Phæbus* darts his purer Rays on the kind swelling Grape ; for me, grim *Pluto* ripens the *Peruvian* Mine with lambient subterraneous Fires, and the same Chance, that form'd the World from a Jumble of fortuitous Atoms, and fram'd this agreeable Symmetry, pours its kind Influence around me ;
and

and tho' it shews others the Vicissitudes and Changes of a fickle Mistress, it treats me with the Steadiness and Constancy of a faithful Wife. My Friends, my darling Friends, approach me: *Robin* and *Clingfast*, and *Simon Shark*, glorious Triumvirate! my Harbingers of Joy, and Ministers of Delight! What Pity is it, that no human Condition affords an uninterrupted Circle of transporting Pleasure! The greatest Bliss loses its exquisite Relish, when the Mind must labour for the Means of procuring it. These few Days past, my more agreeable Pursuits have been diverted by odious Business: Now will I triumphantly indulge my Appetites; ye all know, I spare no Cost for the Gratification of my Pleasures. *Robin*, let the Delicacy of the *Eastern* Courts be out-done by the splendid Opulence of my Table; force the Seasons, and press the Elements for Dainties: And *Simon*, let me once wallow in the Transports of an *Ottoman* Seraglio; I care not, if it exhausts half my Treasure, let no Prize miss you, be the Expence ever so great; give Gold in Proportion to the high Station or Beauty of the Woman I aim at; let Diamonds purchase the sparkling Eye, and for the Vermilion Lip give Heaps of Rubies. Go, my Darlings, prepare me a Banquet, and Musick, and Women, and let my fatiated Soul riot in Extasy.

Sunk in soft Blandishments and sensual Joy,
Let me the downy Trance of Life employ;
While ev'ry Moment gay Allurements brings,
And Time bears Pleasure on his silken Wings;
And let Mankind in Plagues and Anguish hurl'd,
Load with deep Miseries a groaning World.

[Exit.]

E

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Mrs. LUREWELL's House.**Enter SAWNY.*

Sawny. WELL, *Johnny Fasten*, I defy the whole World to shew me thy Fellow.—There is not such another ingenious Lad from *Berwick* to *Orkney*.—What the Duce, we shall be able to buy half a Dozen Shires in *Scotland*: Egad, *Johnny* trimmed the Damsel rarely; and, I think, Dame *Lurewell* has lost a few Feathers also, only seven hundred Pounds *sterling*, that's all. Well, the Devil was in that Contrivance of dropping the Papers before *Betty*;—there was an Account, of the Honourable 'Squire *Fasten's* Lands and Tenements, there was a Letter of Credit for twelve hundred Pounds, and Epistles from the greatest Noblemen in *Scotland*, to Dukes, and Earls, and Lords in *England*, and what not.—The Bait took, and *Lurewell* was the Gudgeon, ha, ha, ha! *Angelica's* Jewels, and *Lurewell's* Money; away we go, this very Night we break fresh Ground.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Mr. *Sawny*,—why are you not getting ready for the Ball? I suppose the 'Squire is invited to *Francisco's*; there is rare Sport to be there to Night.—My Mistress, and all the Ladies, are preparing for it.

Sawny.

Sawny. No, no, my Dear, you and I will stay and Dance at home. Look you, *Betty*, I am deeply in Love with you; something tumbles about my Breast when I draw near you: You are a Fiddle, *Bess*, and my Heart is a Caperer.

Betty. Why indeed, Mr. *Sawny*, if your Master made you his Receiver, I could like you well enough: If my Mistress and he can make it up, I see no Reason, why the same Parson may not marry us before he leaves the House.

Sawny. Why I thank thee, *Bess*: Another Devil would have kept a Body dangling I don't know how long; there is such a Pother, what with Coyneſs forſooth, and pretty little Shame, oh Dear, — and after all their feign'd Modesty, and counterfeited puny Appetites, when the Jades fall on a Meal, they carry away no less than their Stomachs cram'd up to their Throats: Come, my Lads, give me Earnest. [*Kiſſes her.*] Hark you, 'Squire *Faſten*, and your Lady, are gentle Folks; let them compliment one another with Marriage if they please, for my Share, I am a plain Man, and hate Ceremony.—I think Love and Religion are beſt without it.

[*Betty ſettles her Miſtreſs's Toilet all the while.*]

Betty. Poh! my dear Mr. *Sawny*, I have as bad an Opinion of Marriage as you for your Life: When did you ever ſee an Indenture hold an unruly 'Prentice, tho' never ſo ſtrongly Witneſſed.—Cou'd the Prieſthood find out proper Bonds to link the Minds and Affections of People — it would be doing ſomething. — I abominate my Work, when I am forcibly oblig'd to it;—

if we tie the Knot ourselves, we'll be sure to find it fast.—

Sawny. And if we don't like it, we can loose it when we please,

Betty. Agreed.

Sawny. A Match.

[*They Kiss.*

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. So then, the Bargain is concluded ; Mr. *Sawny*, if *Betty* has consented, you have got the best Girl in *Christendom*.

Sawny. She only promises, Madam ; she gives me fair Words, that's all.

Lure. Then honest, Mr. *Sawny*, depend upon her, *Betty* is no Flincher. Mr. *Sawny* make all the Haste you can, and find out the 'Squire your Master ; *Francisco* has prepared a splendid Entertainment, and gives a Ball this Night ; we must have 'Squire *Fasten* with us : Good, dear *Sawny*, search the Town for him, I shan't be happy without him.

Sawny. I will, Madam.—My dear *Bess*, fare you well for a While. [*Kisses her, and Exit.*

Lure. The Devil's in you, *Betty* ; Husbands sprout about you as quick as Mushrooms: What will you do with this Fellow, if *Tom Oakum* returns from the *East Indies* ; — and Mr. *Counter*, the Merchant, told me Yesterday, the Ship was expected in daily. — As for your five former Husbands, they were all Cast for Transportation, and you may never expect to set Eyes on them again.

Betty. Why let *Tom* go live with his other Wife at *Highbate*, it's her Turn now. — Madam, your Ladyship is more successful in finish-

ing

ing your Men than I am ; I think I have had four Masters fairly topp'd within this Year and a Half ; — and I can tell you, that honest Mr. *Lurewell* lies now in *York Goal* under Sentence of Death, so that your Ladyship, is now in reality a Widow, for I count him dead in Law.

Lure. I thank my Stars, *Betty*, the Law is favourable to me——to be sure, I have some hidden Friend in Court, that does me these little Services : I was honestly married to all my Husbands, and that, I believe, is the Reason that I had so good Fortune in Wedlock. —— Come, *Betty*, let me dress as soon as possible.

[*Dresses with affected Airs.*

And tell me, sincerely, *Betty*, do you think in your Heart that 'Squire *Fasten* loves me?

Betty. To Distraction, Madam : 'Sawny told me, that his borrowing Money from you, was a sure Token of his Affection ; he never borrows but in Proportion to his Esteem for the Creditor.

Lure. Then I wish I had more to lend him——but faith, *Betty*, to be plain with you, he has got all the Money I had in the World.

Betty. Dear Madam, your Ladyship cou'd never employ it better ; it's sowing Farthings to reap Guineas : 'Squire *Fasten* is a fine Man, and a great Man, and must purchase a Title for you. —I think, I see you already, tumbling about the Streets in a splendid Equipage ; here Lady *Fasten's* Chariot ! The Lady *Fasten's* Servants here ! Way for Lady *Fasten* ! The admiring Crowds fall to Right and Left, and clear a Passage for you : Obsequious Tradesmen bow from their Shops, and greet your Ladyship, and all——all —— (except some malicious Females, who shall

vainly envy your superior Beauty, applaud your Happiness, and praise the noble Lord *Fasten's* Choice.

Lure. *Betty*, draw near, my Child ; — take the green Sattin Gown, and brown Quilted Petticoat, I wore Yesterday, I shall have no more Use of them. ——— Do I look well this Evening, *Betty*? ——— Does my Hair fit right?

Betty. Exceedingly well, Madam ; your Ladyship looks like a Cherubim.

Lure. [*Taking a Dram.*] Have I Colour enough in my Face?

Betty. Your sweet Blushes surpass the blooming Rose.

Lure. If a Cambrick Apron, a Pair of blue Silk Stockings, not the worse for the Wearing, and a lac'd Demi-jour, can be of any Service to you, take them ; you'll find them all roul'd up in a Shift Slieve in my Closet.

[*Patches her Face in several Places.*]

Betty. Oh dear, Madam, what are you doing? Why you hide your greatest Beauties, these little red Moles in your Face are kind Ornaments of Nature, don't offer to eclipse them.

Lure. [*Drinking a Dram.*] Do they become me, *Betty*?

Betty. O, Madam, they are like frosting upon Sweetmeats, and shine like Spangles on Embroidery.

Enter Rebecca Fasten and Sawny.

R. Fasten. What do you hold me for you Villains? Let me go, is your Name Madam *Lurewell*, and be far enough to you : Where is *Johnny Fasten* my Husband? He is a 'Squire here

here I am told, it would be fitter for him to stay at home with his Children, and mind his honest Trade :

[Sawney stops her Mouth from time to time she beats him off.]

And you, you Devil's-Limb, Gadzucks I'll throttle you——my Husband was cut out for a Gentleman, forsooth, it was my Pocket paid for all that ; he run away with me young from my Father and Mother, when he was himself Apprentice to a Wig-maker in *Edinburgh*, (do you hear me, Madam,) and fool'd away as much Money in the College of *Glasgow* (where he stay'd three long Years) as would have settled us both in a good Shop, (do you hear me, Madam,) he got such a Habit of idleness from his Books, and the great Company he kept, that he spent all my Substance, and at last left me starving with five Children to maintain——Gadzucks, do you harbour him here, I'll make the Devil fly out of you all.

Sawney. Dear Madam, give no heed to what the Creature says——she is a poor Mad-woman that has lost her Senses.

[Holding her all the time.]

Lure. O fy, what a turbulent Wretch, the hideous Creature is! *Betty*, call some of my People to drag her to the Mad-house. A very likely Story indeed, Squire *Fausten* Husband to such a dirty Drab as that, fy, fy.

Sawney. I'll give her a Lift, come, away we go.

[While he forcibly carries her off she roars terribly.]

Lure. To be sure *Betty*, that wretched Devil is quite out of her Senses.

Betty. As much as your Ladyship is in yours.
[Lurewell admires herself all the while in the Glass.]

Betty. *[aside]* The Devil is in't if your old Skull is not craz'd, this filthy superannuated Lump takes more time in adjusting her shatter'd Figure, than wou'd serve half a Dozen Beauties to set themselves out for a Birth-day, what with flattening the Bumps, and raising the Furrows of her rugged Phiz——smoothing and levelling——egad I defy all the King's Pioneers to perform that endless Work.

Lure. *Betty,* I am not long dressing?

Betty. Not at all, Madam, I never saw a more expeditious Lady.

Enter Moll Simperer.

Semp. Madam, here has been the Devil to pay below Stairs——Madam, we are all undone——the Street Door was left open and in comes a lusty two-handed Country Fellow, and with him two Porters, he spy'd *Sussey* as she cross'd the Hall, seized her bodily, and hurried her along with him into the Street——there's a Devil of a Mob gathered before the House, who threaten to pull it down——Madam, I am frighten'd out of my Life——*Sussey* was ready to sink into the Earth, she said it was her Father, and I dread the Consequence, he threaten'd most violently——Oh Madam, what shall we do?

Lure. *[rising in anger]* Fury, you pack of sauntering Sluggs, you lazy Bots in warm Horse-dung, why were not my Doors kept shut? Blood I'll disband you all——Hark you Mrs. *Simperer*, look to your Hits; Zouns I'll——

Enter

Enter Soaking Pegg, staring about her.

Where the Devil have you been these three Hours past, Mrs. *Soaking Peg*? I never had such Confusion in my Family——my Trollops have got as many Crochets and Whims in their Heads as if they were Ladies of Quality.

S. Peg. Oh Madam, forgive me this bout, I just stole home with my Life, and came in at the back Cellar Window, for there's a whole Fair before the Door——are you not glad to see me——as I am an honest Woman that's more than Mr. *Rover* will ever let you do to him——if he lives after sweeping above fifty Kennells with his pretty little soft Head (which I very much doubt) I am sure the Goodness of his Creditors will confine him in Goal for ever, to keep him out of harm's way——he is now lodg'd in the Fleet, for a Debt of five thousand Pounds, for which he was taken just ten Minutes after he had lost the very Cloaths off his Back at Play.

Lure. And what then, Madam? What have you brought home?

S. Peg. Myself, faith, and with a great deal of Difficulty.

Lure. Why then leave my House this Minute, you impudent——was this the Lesson I taught you? Hussy, an understanding Woman will always profit when she is present at the last Overthrow of the Man she deals with; as an industrious Person benefits by the Fire of a Rich House, there's a good deal of Picking when all is going at once: Fury, what a Parcel of Managers have I got?——*Betty*, fetch me my Watch and my Rings, let me be gone out of this, I shall

shall never have done hearing some bad News, while I stay in this odious Place. [*Exit Betty.*]

M. Simp. Pray Mrs. Peg, what's become of my dear, dear, *Jack Soaker*? I hope he is safe.

S. Peg. Ay, safe enough, safe landed in *Bridewell*, Mrs. *Simperer*——Mr. *Rover*'s Friends have procur'd him a Lodging there, that he may be the easier found when they shall think fit to make a further Provision for him.

Enter Hester Dainty, rushing in violently.

H. Dainty. O Madam, dismal and dreadful Tidings, *Francisco* is seized for committing a Rape——a Rape, Madam, he has ravish'd some Body, and was just now hawl'd along the Streets to *Newgate*. I saw him dragg'd along close bound and pinion'd, the Bayliffs were scarce able to secure him from being torn to Pieces by the Mob.

Lure. Confusion! Death! what, *Francisco* in the Hands of the Mob——Blood he has Money enough to bribe all the Mob in *Europe*.

H. Dainty. The whole Neighbourhood is in an Uproar; you can hear them from the Street Windows tearing all before 'em, and pulling his House to Pieces,——the unmerciful Pack have us'd him barbarously, and what vexes me most, is, that the vile dirty Rabble rejoice in his Ruin.

Enter Betty, running.

Betty. Your Watch is gone, it's no where to be found——and your Rings too, Madam,——I have search'd the Bed, the Drawers, the Windows, Chairs, the Room, and all to no Purpose.

Lure.

Lure. Horror and Despair! what am I born to? must every Devil of you conspire to torment me?

M. Simp. We shall never see poor *Suky* again.

Lure. Hell-hound.

S. Peg. Poor *Rover*, and dear *Soaker*, gone and lost for ever.

H. Dainty. The noble *Francisco* scandalously dragg'd to *Newgate*.

Betty. No Account of your Ladyship's Watch and Rings.

Lure. Thieves, Robbers, Sorcerers, Devils, avaunt, leave me you Choir of ill-boding Screech Owls: Away, Imps of ill-fortune, and Messengers of Hell. [*They all fly off to avoid her.*] Despair, Distraction, Murder, Rage, what am I reserv'd for? Fury, I'll ship off all the Devils this Instant to *Virginia*, I'll sweep my house clean of this Brood of Vipers:—What, do they bring those villainous Stories on Purpose to wreck my Mind, and tear my Soul in Pieces.

The Officers of Justice rush in and seize her, she stamps and roars.

Here, where are you all? Villains, what are you? How came you here? Here, Beasts! Brutes! who let my Doors open; Robbers, Thieves, Murderers.

1st. Offi. Less Anger, Madam, O fye, it does not become so fine a Lady as you are to be in so violent a Passion.

[*Tying her all the while.*]

Lure. What, Scoundrils, are you come to rob me?

2d. Offi.

2d. *Offi.* Not at all, Madam, we mean no harm to your Ladyship, we are only come to beg of you, to shew us the shortest Cut to the strongest House in Town; only a little Suspicion of Robbery, Madam, that a *Welsh* Gentleman suppos'd to have been committed on him in this House last Night, and gave a small Item of it to the Justice, by way of Information, and a little Affidavit sworn against you by one *Stephen Dairy*, whose Daughter you entertain'd more kindly than he deserved, you see what it is, Madam, you see what Ingratitude honest People meet with for their good Offices.

1st *Offi.* Come, Madam, every thing is ready to receive you.

Lure. Oh dear Gentlemen, come there is no Necessity for being in so great a Hurry, I suppose you can require no more than sufficient Bail, and my dear Friend 'Squire *Fasten* will be Security for fifty thousand Pounds; come, Gentlemen, you don't know who you have to deal with.

2d *Offi.* Ha, ha, ha, what, that *Scotch* Projector that was taken a while ago from the Gaming-table for a Robbery on the High-road: Oh, dear Madam, I don't doubt your Interest in him—— he is a very civil Gentleman, you'll find him before you where you are going, I fancy he went out of Complaisance, to prepare the Way for you.

Altogether. Come, you must be gone, Madam, we have no time to stay!

[*All seize her together.*]

Lure. What you pack of inferior Dogs, Scoundrels, use me like a Gentlewoman.

[*They bawl her off roaring.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *New-gate.**Francisco belted.*

Fran. And am I become the Foot-ball of publick Insolence? Was not the World wide enough for the injurious Law to spread her destructive Banners?—and, must I fall a Prey to that rapacious Harpy! What! Is there an intire Inversion of the very Intent of Justice—were not Goals, and Whips, and Irons, all invented to torture the vile and wretched Poor?—Was it ever meant, that Riches should fall under the Verge of legal Scrutiny? Death! it was a notorious Error in the Judicature: When they basely submitted to confine a Man of my Wealth and Substance; unskilful Wretches, the Precedent is dangerous—and it is running Counter to the very fundamental Principles of their Institution; fine Administrators of Righteousness? *Francisco*, the great *Francisco* laid in Irons, for a little, paultry Rape—prudent dispensers of Equity! they might as well hang a Pirate for stealing a Brass Pin—Blood! it makes me mad to think that I must fall under a general Censure for such an insignificant Trifle—have I brav'd Seas, and Storms, and Hurricanes to be at last drown'd in a small miery Ditch—Censure! what said I? Censure and Scandal, are the Tributes which a Man pays for being Great—are those the Methods that superior Knaves have concerted for the Punishment of what the Vulgar have called Roguery? Is it the Dread of this Condition that keeps fearful Wretches honest? Weak Poultroons! does not Prudence teach ye that an Abundance
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of Money changes the Nature of Things just as the Possessor pleases—my Gold shall dazzle the Eyes of Power, and with shining Heaps I'll press down the tottering Ballance of Justice—I'll embroider the oppressive Fur with glittering Ore, and the Wearer shall sink under the Weight of it.

Enter Puzzlesuit a New-gate Solicitor.

Puzzle. Honourable Sir, you are kindly welcome to the King's Apartments, cheer up noble Sir, Mr. *Throttle* the Keeper is your Friend; from his Recommendation and a Knowledge of your own great Merit, I am come, to offer your Honour all the Services which lie within the District of the Power and Council of, Sir, your Honour's most obsequious Slave, *Eleazer Puzzlesuit*.

Fran. What are you Friend? Who sent you here? Where did you come from?

Puzzle. Sir, I shant entertain you at present with an Account of my supereminent Learning in the Law, or my unparallel'd Skill in my Profession; let it suffice, that I dare assure you, my Advice is an Anchor, and my Council Security itself.

Fran. Draw near, Mr. *Puzzlesuit*, draw near—I suppose you have already heard a full Account of this vile Asperision that has been laid upon me,—it's all an Imposition, Sir, a scandalous Lie, a vile Insinuation, a notorious Falshood, only to perplex me a little.

Puzzle. Sir, you have hit the Nail in the Head, that is all, there is no more in it; dear Sir, my Life for yours; we have just done trying you in the large Room, and the Jury brought you in

not

not Guilty——Sir, I'll engage for you Body for Body——dear Sir, a single Rape is nothing without Reduplication of the Fact; that shews Malice-propense in the Eye of the Law.

Fran. Well then, Sir, since I am innocent and will certainly be acquitted, is it not the utmost Injustice to keep me thus dishonourably bolted?

Puzzle. Oh, my dear Sir, those little slight things are only Matters of Form in the Law——now when you are dismiss'd the Court, you have a fair Plea against the Goaler——if in defending your self upon the Arrest, you made Use of the right Leg, and the Goaler first bolted the left, it is *Error Personæ*, and you bring in a Leg Action.

Fran. But, Sir, suppose the Fact should be sworn down-right against me?

Puzzle. Why that too is only matter of Form in the Law; noble Sir, let what will happen, depend upon me, I have the Ear of the Court and can persuade the Judges as I please: If the Sentence be of the severest Kind, I'll engage to change it to a Pilloring, or a gentle Lashing about the City.

Enter a Turnkey.

Turn. Mr. *Puzzlesuit* you are wanted below, three or four Gentlemen are just come in to us, who want a little of your Assistance.

Puzzle. Sir, I must begone; I know where to find you, Sir, and I'll wait upon you again when the least Opportunity offers. [*To the Turn-key.*] The Dog is as close-fisted as an old Userer: Damn him, load him, nail him down. [*Exit Puzzle.*

Fran.

Fran. [*After a long Contemplation.*] My Mind misgives me strangely, and dreadful Apprehensions roul in my perplex'd Imagination.

Turn. Sir, I must fit those Darbies to your Honour's Legs; Mr. *Throttle* my Master is a bashful Man, he never talks of Money, Sir,——but begs you'll be so kind as to sign this blank Note——or, Sir,——

[*Putting on the Bolts.*

Fran. Extravagant Villains, not a Farthing! load on, detestible Rascals, load on, and press me down—not one Penny will I part with. [*Exit Turnkey.*] What am I become? How is *Francisco* fallen? Where are my downey Beds, embroider'd Canopies and easy Velvet Couches? O fatal Transmutation! Where is humble *Simon Shark*, obedient *Robin*, and obsequious *Clingfast*? And, am I thus forsaken by ye?——Miserable time-serving Wretches!——[*Pauses.*] I am wearied with a Circle of wild Reflections——the Horrors of Death stare me in the Face: Cou'd I compound for Stripes, and Brands, and Scandal, and everlasting Infamy; I should still be happy——Rage! I am tortur'd to Distraction——Confusion and Hurry rend my batter'd Understanding, and must I fall a Victim for the Sport of Mankind?——No, a curst Destruction tumble on the whole Species, and let *Francisco* live——let me once get loose and free from this vile and unexpected Durance,——Fury! I'll become a Lump of acid Leven, and will ferment the World——Plagues and Misery will I spread through the whole Herd of Mortals——My languid Spirits droop——Horror, and dismal Death—but, why this dastard Lethargy? Rouse up *Francisco*! Rouse! Awake! What, can it enter into the weak Brain of any
Caitiff

Caitiff living, that *Francisco* will patiently endure those loathsome Irons, those Bars to Activity, in which my former Life has been so eminently conspicuous?—Go bind the lazy Dolt, and load the Sluggard with Bonds and Chains—fly off inglorious Fetters—perhaps you are the just Reward of some unfelt Spark of Honesty, which still lay smothered in my Heart, and lurk'd unknown, and baffled all my Industry, when I rooted out the rest. [Scene closes.]

SCENE, TRUEMAN's House.

Enter Trueman and Mellefont.

True. My dear *Mellefont*, your good Sense and happy Resolutions, comfort my very Soul;—when you unfortunately ran in a Career contrary to my Expectation, and disagreeable to my Wishes, I was unwilling to check you with Severity; I knew the Goodness of your natural Genius, and that a right Reflection on the unguarded Steps you pursued, would sometime prove the most successful Monitor.

Mel. Sir, I at last see the Folly of my ill-placed Love; the execrable Conduct of *Susanna Dairy*, has wrought up in my Soul the utmost Abhorrence of her—I am ashamed of the low, unworthy Pursuit, and if Confusion can any Way be thought a sufficient Punishment for shameful Guilt, I suffer in Abundance.

True. *Mellefont*, I once pitied thee, but now rejoice at the Happiness of thy Condition. The same generous Mind that plung'd thee into Error, has bravely rais'd thee from it.

Mel. When Opposites present themselves to the Mind at one Time, the Difference is best discern'd,——*Susy* is base and infamous, and *Angelica's* Soul is a Heaven of Virtues and Perfections.

Enter Stephen Dairy leading his Daughter by the Hand.

Dairy. May Heavens above shed down its Blessings on your honourable Worship——Oh my dear Darling, I've got my Daughter——here she is——this is my *Susy*——thank my good Chance and your Favour——Gadzucks, I have her fast——O fy, *Susy*, don't be bashful——this is Mr. *Trueman*, sure thy poor Father has Reason to bless him to the last Hour of his Life.

Sus. My Soul, though deeply plung'd in Vice, and too long captivated in the Snares of Folly, has not as yet imbib'd so black a Hue as to make me intirely lost to all Sense of Gratitude and Shame ;——Sir, my Father, whose tender Care extended much farther than such a Wretch as I deserv'd, has express'd your Goodness, and compassionate Feeling of his Afflictions in such moving Terms, that it has melted down my Heart; I look back on my past Crimes with Horror and Confusion——the dreadful Miseries that attend the Wicked, shall ever be sufficient to deter me from following their abominable Practices,——and oh injur'd *Mellefont* ! sincere as you are amiable, forgive the distracted Fever of an imprudent Woman, had I been good and virtuous, my low Condition, and inferior Situation, placed me beneath your Notice ; abandoned as I was,
a scan-

a scandalous Course of Life has made me baser than Corruption, and viler than the Worm;—to you, Sir, I give my utmost Thanks, as the kind Contriver of my Delivery; and oh *Mellefont*, forgive me, forget me, pity me, and despise me.

True. My honest Friend, take your Daughter home, *London* is no fit Place for either of you, your Ignorance may plunge you into Misfortunes, and her Weakness may make her return to what she now abhors.

Dairy. Gadzucks, Sir, we part to-morrow by break of Day:—Fare you well, good honourable Master *Trueman*, and Master *Mellefont*,—the Heavens prosper you—Gadzucks, my Heart is as nimble as a Grigg; come, *Susy*, take your Leave—sure I've got right Revenge of Madam *Lurewell*; egad, I've fix'd her rarely—come, *Susy*, we'll get all Things ready to go off, for I've quite tired of this troublesome Town.

[*Exeunt Dairy and Susanna.*]

True. Mellefont, I doubt if it be not more glorious to repent of faulty Actions, than it is blameable to have fallen into them; the Frailty of human Nature subjects us to Error, but its utmost Purity prompts us to Repentance—Repentance, that Wisdom of the Mind, takes in a wide extended lovely Prospect; Perseverance in Crimes, is a short-sighted Cunning, whose Objects are bounded in a small and narrow Compass.

Enter Angelica.

My dear *Angelica*, how fortunately have I rescued thee from the traiterous Hands of *Lurewell*

and *Francisco* ; that execrable Woman, and that hideous Beast unworthy to bear the Name of a Man, are at last excluded from the Society of the World,——the Delays which indulgent Providence often puts to Punishment, are like the far-recoiling-back of Hammers, and serve but to strike the Blow the surer.

Ang. Sir, my Reputation, my Life and Happiness I owe to you : Your prudent Interposition has screened me from Infamy and Ruin, which my own Ignorance and Inadvertence, would have inevitably plunged me into——but one Misfortune has befallen me, which, I fear, 'tis needless and too late to discover ; I gave my Jewels to Squire *Fasten*, who came to Town with me in the Stage. Dreading the Truth of that honest Warning you gave me against him——I sent *Matty* to desire that he might restore them, under Pretence that you desired to see them ; she brought Word Mr. *Fasten* was gone, and no where to be found.

True. Madam, Squire *Fasten* is to be found in *Newgate*, where he is secured for a Robbery on the high Road, but your Jewels are lost for ever.

Mel. Madam, I was present when that Villain was apprehended by the Officers—I fell into play with him and two other Strangers, and won a Diamond Ring from him, which is, perhaps, yours, here it is on my Finger——when the Rogue was taken, the Consciousness of his Guilt put him upon trying all Methods of escaping ; he took this Necklace, and these Pendants out of his Pocket, which would inevitably have bribed the Constables to let him go, had I not fortunately been present——Madam, I knew them

them to be yours, having seen you wear them last Winter at Lord *Newington's*——I forced them out of his Hands, and upon Promise that Interest should be made for him on his Trial, he confessed them to be your's——Madam, take them from the Hands of *Mellefont*, who shall ever think it the greatest Honour, that Fortune has put it in his Power to serve you.

Ang. From what a Circle of Troubles am I delivered? O friendly *Trueman*! O good and generous *Mellefont*!

True. Madam, this last good Success is of a peculiar Kind, and such as should be bestow'd upon Persons of your Purity and Innocence——to secure you from all further Attempts, and the Snares which wily Knaves are always laying against the Good and Harmless.——I dare recommend to you the Choice of *Mellefont*, and to screen myself from the Imputation of Self-interestedness, which shall never be the Motive of my Actions, I make him Master of a good and plentiful Fortune.

Ang. *Mellefont* hath already merited my Esteem; and to your Commands I am all Obedience.

True. Be good and virtuous, and all Heaven conspires to make you happy. Vice is a deceitful Mistress, and tho' her Promises be never so fair, her Wages are false and terrible. *Mellefont*, avoid Gaming, a profess'd Gamester is a Canker-worm in Society: Despise that Commerce, wherein to be eminent, requires no one good Qualification; and where Honour, Virtue, Learning, good Sense, and true Understanding, are entirely unnecessary Ingredients. You have
before

before you the Example of the infamous *Francisco*: He is the Scorn of the Great, and the Scoff of the Populace; abandon'd by the worst of Men in his well-deserv'd Adversity, as he was despis'd by all good Men in his ill-acquir'd Prosperity.

In sure Destruction ends the Villain's Story,
And Vice's Triumph is a fatal Glory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END of the SECOND VOLUME.



Advertisement.

THE Author of these Memoirs, did not promise in his Proposals, to print the Names of his Subscribers, who were very numerous; but such of his Friends, as require to have their Names prefixed to the Sequel of them, shall be gratified, as he is resolved to take in Subscriptions, for the remaining Part of the Work.

The Author then, proposes to continue his Narrative, and in the next Performance, will endeavour to give a fair and impartial Account, of such Incidents, as, he hopes, may reasonably be expected to have fallen under his Observation.

The Comedy inserted here, will, he hopes, plead its own Excuse. Vice and Villainy, advanced the worst of Men to the Possession of exorbitant Riches, but no Wealth could secure him from Scandal and Infamy; which, (though much he despised them,) at length, brought upon him well-deserved Punishment, and the Detestation of Mankind.

The Author presumes to say, that in the Experience of twenty Years, he has, with Indignation, remarked the secret Springs, by
which

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which Hypocrisy, Deceit, and the Power of spreading Fear, have raised K——es, to Opulence, and maintained them in it: No Man dare expose any one of them in particular; but if the Tongue is tied up, may not the Pencil speak?

As in Painting, it is entirely out of Taste, so in regard to the Law, it is quite dangerous to draw the Picture of any deformed Monster of the Human Species, and to join the Name of the Person signified, either in *Capitals*, or *Italicks*. The Indecency and the Danger shall be avoided, but the Mask shall be taken off, so that the World may see the Face. The Good, have no Aspect that can make them hateful; and if the bad Man is justly represented in the Looking-Glass, it will give him an Abhorrence of his own Completion.

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